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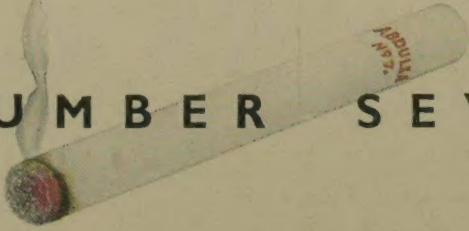
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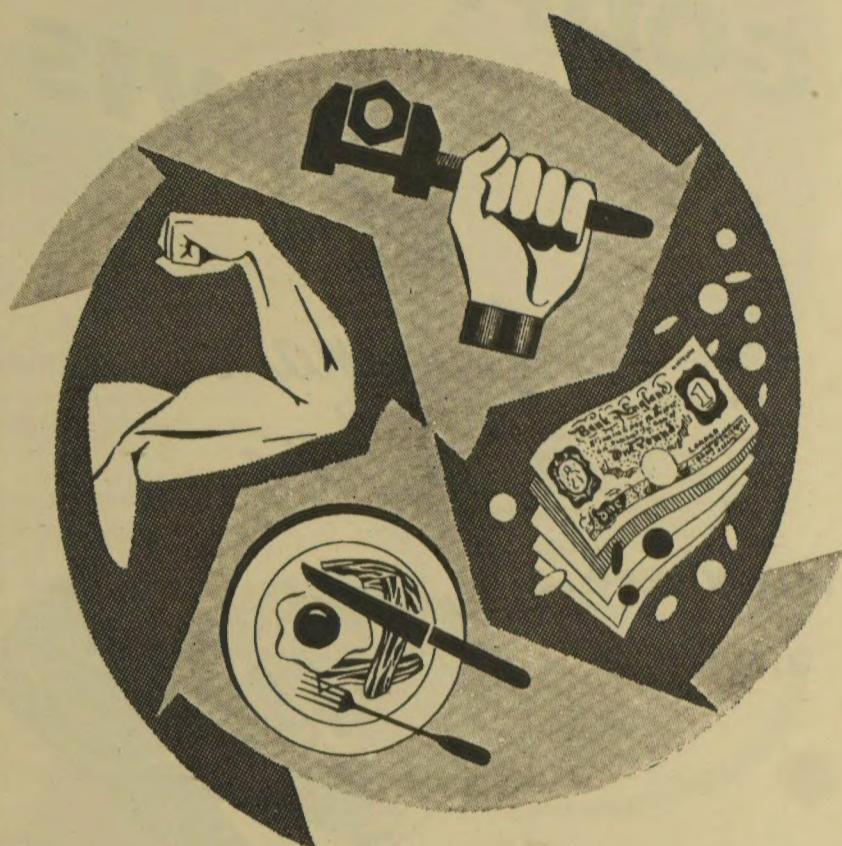
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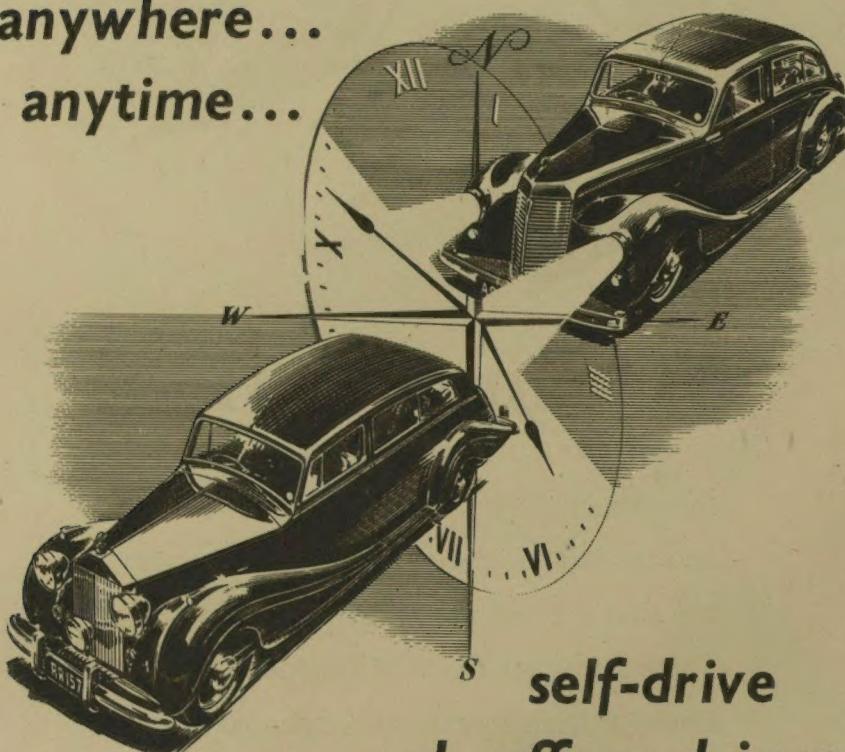
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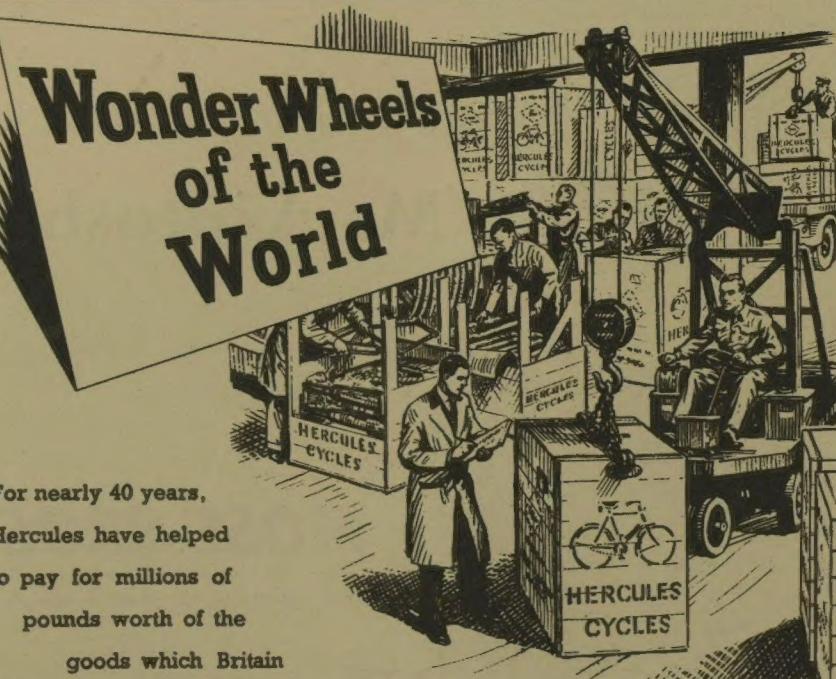
only Braemar underwear keeps him warm when the north wind blows. Their 2-ply reinforcement where it really counts means real comfort and long wear.

Braemars, hand-finished and shrink resistant, are stocked by better outfitters, in pure wool, at prices from about £4 a set. The luxury garments, in pure wool, pure silk, or silk and wool, cost more but are well worth it in the long run. Be comfortable—invest in Braemar underwear.



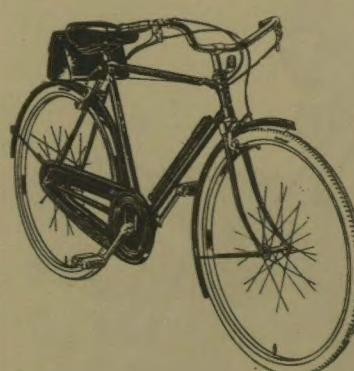
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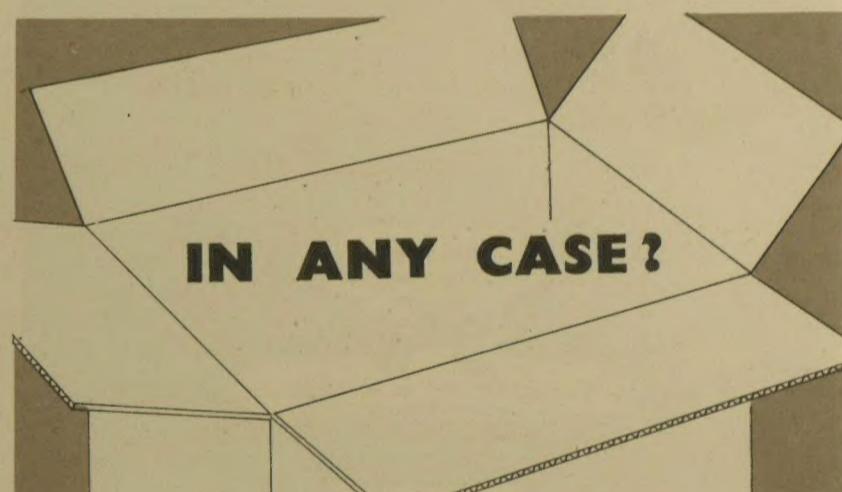


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SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1952.



AN ENGLISH MEDIAEVAL MASTERPIECE, SEEN FROM A HELICOPTER: THE FAMOUS OCTAGON AND LANTERN OF ELY CATHEDRAL, GRAVELY THREATENED BY THE RAVAGES OF THE DEATH-WATCH BEETLE.

When the square Norman tower of Ely Cathedral fell in February 1322, destroying the middle of the building, Alan de Walsingham succeeded in carrying out a structural achievement of the first magnitude. He erected over the crossing an eight-sided stone tower, with an area more than three times that of the old tower. The lantern he built entirely of wood sheathed externally in lead. The whole construction is an engineering masterpiece, and the lantern a brilliant example of carpenter's work. De Walsingham searched the whole country for eight sound oak-trees large enough to form the vertical angle-posts of the lantern.

They are 63 ft. long by 3 ft. 4 ins. by 2 ft. 8 ins. This wonderful structure is in grave danger, through ravages of the death-watch beetle; and restoration of the lantern must be undertaken without delay, in addition to the completion of repairs to the roofs of nave and choir—work for which £60,000 will be needed. A public appeal has been launched. The planning of the original trusses of the lantern is equal to anything that any modern science of stress and strain could devise, and had the oak remained sound there would have been no danger. The discovery of the deterioration of the wood, however, gives cause for grave concern.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT is curious how the fashion of this world changes, and curious, too, how quickly it does so. To-day, in this country, we idolise film-stars and, to use a horrid word, paupers, or what at any rate our grandfathers would have called paupers: persons, that is, who through their own incapacity or idleness—I am not speaking of the more direct forms of misfortune—stand in need of and are in receipt of public assistance. To call such persons by such a name to-day, and this is a measure of the degree to which they have become sacrosanct, is to be set down, with every circumstance of disgrace, not merely as exceedingly inhuman, ill-bred and uncharitable, but as an enemy of the community, a reactionary, and even a fascist hyena! To suggest to-day that there can be anything anti-social, let alone dishonourable, in being assisted by the taxpayers, that is, whether directly or indirectly by those who earn the nation's livelihood, while simultaneously declining to do a full and honest day's work, is just as much an offence against decorum and good taste as it was fifty or sixty years ago to describe as an idle parasite the younger son of a duke with £2000 a year, who spent his life in a blameless but useless round of country-house visits, shooting-parties and social engagements. I cannot explain why this should be so, but I can only record the phenomenon as something within my own personal cognisance: as a transformation of outlook which has occurred within my own lifetime. When I was born, it was thought a disgrace to be a poor man and idle, but a matter for public adulation to be a rich man and idle; and now that I am in my fifties a poor man's right to be fed, housed and looked after regardless of whether he works or not is regarded as axiomatic, while a man who works and becomes rich by so doing is viewed by the public—and treated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Socialist or Conservative—in much the same way as Jews in the Middle Ages were viewed and treated by their Christian neighbours and debtors. They can count themselves fortunate, indeed, not to have their teeth extracted by the fiscal public executioner at the same time as their shekels. So much have we changed in our outlook.

Chacun à son goût. All ages must have their idols. Man, said the wise Disraeli, was made to adore and obey. And such adoration and obedience have to be paid for, whether in tribal oblations and the burnt flesh of goats, or in television sets, free dentures and imported Virginia cigarettes and Hollywood films. Yet, sooner or later, man, whose boundless capacity for idolatry is tempered with a latent streak of cynicism, seems always in the end to ask whether the subject of his worship is worth the money he is spending on it, in other words, the sacrifice he is making to support it. Thus our mediæval ancestors, having endowed the monasteries with a third of the nation's wealth and raised vast cathedrals like Ely and Canterbury as their chapels, began in time to wonder whether after all any useful purpose was served by keeping their occupants in such costly idleness, while our great-grandparents and grandparents, having worshipped so snobbishly and extravagantly at the feet of Lord Adolphus, took to questioning, like cads and radicals, both the usefulness and the social justice of his hunters, cigars, clubs, shooting-boxes and richly devoted life of leisure! We have not yet reached that stage in our present endowment, in the name of humanity, of a vast class of privileged citizens who, artificially protected from unemployment and the harsh gales of economic competition by public spending, nationalisation, social services, food subsidies, rent restriction Acts, and all the other devices of the Welfare State, are encouraged in the belief—one shared by the far more richly endowed but far smaller and therefore less costly class of privilege-enjoyers who preceded them—that work is not a necessity.

Man, in fact, a creature half-material and half-spiritual, balances his spiritual impulses by his material necessities. Obeying his spiritual nature, he sacrifices and abases himself, like Don Quixote, before some spiritual ideal like chivalry, splendour, sainthood or humanitarianism, and erects, at infinite cost, the Pyramids, the Gothic cathedral or the Welfare State. Then, obeying his material nature, the Sancho Panza in him, feeling the shoe of such extravagance pinch, calls a gradual or sometimes sudden halt to these

splendid projects. The extent of the usefulness of the object worshipped then becomes a point of some importance. It may preserve its existence a little longer than would otherwise be the case.

This happened in the case of our former idol, our aristocracy. The absurd adulation with which it was worshipped up to the beginning of the nineteenth century can only be fully appreciated by students of social history. The French and Industrial Revolutions and the wars of Napoleon brought about a great transformation in the Englishman's attitude to lords, but as late as the middle of the nineteenth century the Earl of Ladythorne could sit at the covert-side like a gentleman at his opera stall—or a modern "industrial absentee" at a mid-week football match—"thinking what a good thing it was to be a lord with a sound digestion and plenty of cash." The power and privilege of the aristocracy, however, continued for some time longer because, though increasingly subjected to radical criticism on account of its cost and uselessness, many of its members did in fact perform valuable public services. During the sixty-four years of Queen Victoria's reign Britain was still largely governed by members of the greater and lesser landed families, though they were elected no longer by their tenants but by the middle classes, to whom the Reform Bill of 1832 had temporarily given the deciding vote. Of the Queen's ten Prime Ministers, seven were noblemen, all men like Russell and Salisbury, of strong character, great shrewdness and first-rate intelligence. The landed class was still so large and the competition between its members for power so vigorous that it offered the nation a wide choice of leaders of real ability. This may well be said to have justified the expense of it. Their greatest qualities were their common sense, their knowledge of the world and their vigour. Lord Palmerston, who after serving as a young man as Secretary for War during Wellington's Peninsular campaign, became Prime Minister in the crisis of the Crimean War at the age of seventy, and was still directing Britain's affairs nearly ten years later—in the lifetime, that is, of men and women still living. When on his seventy-fifth birthday he failed to jump over the gate of his mansion in Piccadilly—his regular habit before breakfast—he is said to have burst into tears. The shopkeepers, manufacturers and farmers who from 1832 till the second Reform Bill in 1867—when the more prosperous artisans were also enfranchised—enjoyed the majority of votes, liked being represented by such robust and self-confident statesmen. They dearly loved, as was said, a "lord," and as there were plenty of

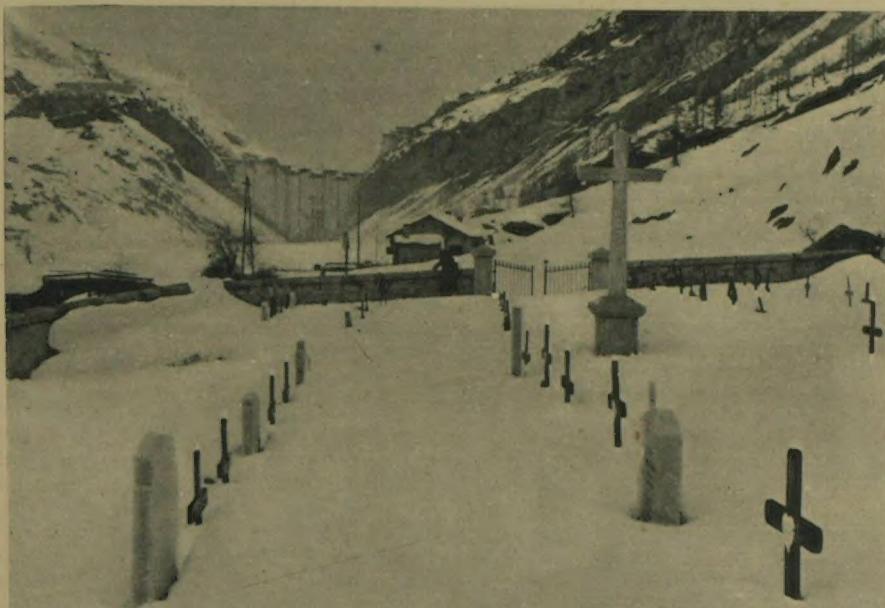


MR. CHURCHILL AS A YOUNG BOY: THE PRIME MINISTER, SEATED NEXT TO HIS MOTHER, LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL (HOLDING FLOWERS), AT A GARDEN PARTY GIVEN BY SIR WHITAKER AND LADY ELLIS AT BUCCLEUCH HOUSE, RICHMOND, IN ABOUT 1886. This early photograph of Mr. Winston Churchill, the Prime Minister, has been sent to us by one of our readers, who is a descendant of Sir Whitaker Ellis. It shows a group taken at a garden party at Buccleuch House, Richmond, Surrey, in about 1886. In the front row is the Prime Minister as a small boy seated next to his mother, Lady Randolph Churchill, who is holding a bouquet of flowers. Standing behind Mr. Churchill is Sir Whitaker Ellis, owner of the house at the time, who, with his wife, Lady Ellis (seated next to Lady Randolph Churchill—with parasol), was giving the party. Buccleuch House was built in the eighteenth century—it was originally known as Montagu Villa—and later became the Richmond seat of the Duke of Buccleuch. In 1886 the house was bought by Sir Whitaker Ellis, a former Lord Mayor of London, who was later first Mayor of Richmond and at one time M.P. for the Division. In the nineteenth century the grounds of Buccleuch House were the scene of many important garden parties. On July 15, 1833, William IV. and Queen Adelaide were entertained there to "a sumptuous fête" by the Duchess of Buccleuch; and on June 23, 1842, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were entertained there to a fête "on a scale of great magnificence." In 1937 the house and gardens were purchased by the Richmond Borough Council and the house, which stood on the Surrey side of the river below the Star and Garter Home, was demolished. Mr. Winston Churchill who was born in 1874, was the son of Lord Randolph Churchill; his mother was one of the daughters of Mr. Leonard Jerome, of New York.

lords and their younger sons and cousins in both political parties, and as these resplendent creatures, with their grey toppers, check-trousers, cigars and buttonholes, were seldom cowards, liars or skint, but open-handed sportsmen of honour and courage, our great-grandfathers, who combined a great love of independence with a strong sense of snobbery, supported them with their votes. They put their money, as the more sporting of them did with horses, on one party or other—Whig or Tory, or, as they became called in the latter part of the century, Liberal or Conservative—but the jockey who rode their parliamentary steed generally bore a crest or coronet. As the course the latter rode was dictated in general by the wishes of his electors, which grew steadily more democratic as their number increased, and as he could no longer, as he had done in the eighteenth century, govern without reference to any public opinion but that of his own class, the aristocrat in either House of Parliament served the ends of the public sufficiently well to preserve a few decades longer the idolatry in which his kind was held and the privilege which accompanied it.

Well, it is all over now; the mansion with the coronet on the drive-gates is a public institution, and Lord Adolphus's great-great-niece, Lady Ermyntrude, is glad to earn a municipal dustman's wage by typing for the British Council or the Foreign Office—or other institutions where there is still an occasional niche for what used to be called the "right" people, but who are now indisputably the wrong people economically. The public now has other idols on which to lavish its surplus cash and, judging by results up to date, they seem to be costing even more.

WHERE LOVE OF HOME BOWS TO NATIONAL NEED: THE TRAGEDY OF TIGNES.



THE CEMETERY OF TIGNES, WHICH WILL BE THE FIRST PART OF THE VILLAGE TO BE COVERED BY THE WATER OF THE NEW DAM, WHOSE WALL CAN BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.



THE VILLAGE OF TIGNES, WHICH WILL EVENTUALLY BE BURIED UNDER 540 FT. OF WATER BEHIND THE GREAT HYDRO-ELECTRIC DAM IN THE VALLEY OF THE ISÈRE, IN THE FRENCH ALPS.



THE INTERIOR WALL OF THE GREAT DAM. WHEN THE WATERS OF THE ISÈRE ARE HELD UP BEHIND THIS, THE VILLAGE OF TIGNES WILL BE COMPLETELY SUBMERGED BY THE WATERS.



WEEPING PARISHIONERS OF TIGNES LEAVING THE CHURCH AFTER THE LAST MASS HAD BEEN SAID BEFORE THE EVACUATION OF THE VILLAGE. SOME "DIEHARDS" WERE, HOWEVER, REFUSING TO MOVE.



THE VILLAGE PRIEST OF TIGNES IN THE VILLAGE CHURCH, AT WHICH THE LAST MASS WAS SAID ON MARCH 16. AT THIS SERVICE THE PRIEST PREACHED ON THE SUBJECT OF RESIGNATION.



LEAVING THE DOOMED VILLAGE. ALTHOUGH THE MAJORITY OF THE VILLAGERS HAVE ACCEPTED THE WILL (AND COMPENSATION) OF THE GOVERNMENT, SOME WERE STILL REFUSING TO MOVE.

Continued. The surface of this lake. At the time of writing, however, about 100 villagers were refusing to move or to be moved. They have been offered compensation and new homes and homesteads farther up the valley on a scale which is costing the French Government about £1,000,000; and M. Auriol, in a letter which was read in the market square on March 14, has written: "I offer the community

[Continued below left.]



THE VILLAGE OF TIGNES CEASED TO EXIST AS AN ADMINISTRATIVE UNIT ON MARCH 16; AND HERE ENGINEERS CAN BE SEEN REMOVING THE POST OFFICE TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD.

my full sympathy. The dam is a national necessity." The hydro-electric project has cost about £40,000,000 and, it is estimated, will increase France's electrical resources by about 600,000,000 kilowatts annually. Evacuation of the village is proceeding and permission has been given for the removal of about thirty bodies of the 200 in the cemetery. Armed mobile guards are encamped in the valley.

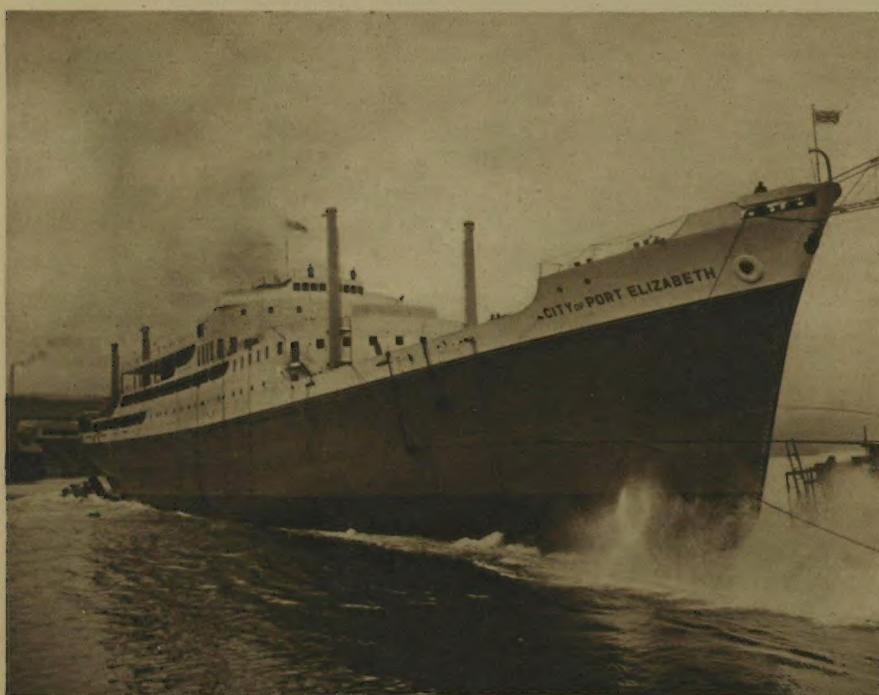
"THE CITY OF PORT ELIZABETH" LAUNCHED.



THE CITY OF PORT ELIZABETH, AS SHE WILL BE: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE FIRST OF FOUR LINERS BUILT BY VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS FOR THE ELLERMAN LINES.



AT THE LAUNCHING: (L. TO R.) MR. MUIRHEAD (VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS), MRS. GEYER (WHO LAUNCHED THE SHIP), DR. GEYER (SOUTH AFRICAN HIGH COMMISSIONER), MRS. HULL, MRS. MUIRHEAD, MRS. DUNPHIE, MR. A. F. HULL (CHAIRMAN OF ELLERMAN LINES), SIR RONALD WEEKS (CHAIRMAN OF VICKERS, LTD.).



THE NEW ELLERMAN LINER, THE CITY OF PORT ELIZABETH, TAKES THE WATER: THE SCENE AT THE LAUNCHING AT THE WALKER NAVAL YARD, IN THE TYNE, ON MARCH 13.

On March 13 *The City of Port Elizabeth*, the first of four high-class passenger and cargo liners being built by Vickers-Armstrongs for the Ellerman Lines Ltd., was named and launched at the Walker Naval Yard of Vickers-Armstrongs, in the Tyne, by Mrs. A. L. Geyer, the wife of the High Commissioner for South Africa, who was also present at the ceremony. *The City of Port Elizabeth* is a passenger liner of 12,500 tons and will carry 106 first-class passengers and 9000 or 10,000 tons of cargo on the South African run. She is driven by Diesel motors built by Hawthorn Leslie and Co., Ltd., and is one of the most modern and up-to-date passenger ships of her class. During the war the Ellerman Lines lost sixty vessels through enemy action, but since the war they have restored their freight-carrying capacity by constructing or acquiring fifty-six cargo vessels. The new liner and her sisters constitute the first phase in the Company's expansion in the carrying of passengers.

AN ENGINEER OPERATION IN THREE ELEMENTS.

These photographs were taken during a U.S. Army exercise on the Rhine some 13 miles south of Darmstadt on March 11. The object of the operation was to demonstrate and exercise the crossing of a broad river by tanks with assistance from the air. The troops taking part were men of the U.S. 547th Engineer Combat Battalion who were stationed on the west bank of the Rhine. To them Fairchild *Packet* aircraft, C.119's, dropped bridge sections by parachute. These bridge sections when assembled on pontoons were fitted with outboard motors, and were then used in a ferry service to the east bank of the Rhine, capable of transporting both parties of men and light tanks. The exercise neatly combines operations in three elements, and shows how the air arm can be called upon to enable ground troops to defeat a water barrier. The latest C.119's have a payload of about 25,000 lbs.



AN OPERATION IN THREE ELEMENTS: TROOPS OF A U.S. ENGINEER BATTALION PREPARE TO FERRY ACROSS THE RHINE, ON A BRIDGE SECTION DROPPED BY PARACHUTE.



U.S. ARMY ENGINEERS UNWRAPPING BRIDGE MEMBERS WHICH HAD JUST BEEN DROPPED BY PARACHUTE IN AN EXERCISE INVOLVING CROSSING THE RHINE NEAR DARMSTADT.



THE UNRULY PARACHUTE: U.S. ARMY ENGINEERS LEAP INTO THE AIR IN AN ATTEMPT TO BRING UNDER CONTROL ONE OF THE HUGE PARACHUTES WHICH CAUGHT IN A TREE.



A STRATOJET LEAPS INTO THE AIR: THE AMAZING SPECTACLE OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S FASTEST BOMBERS TAKING OFF, UNDER THE IMPULSE OF ITS SIX JET ENGINES AND THE "JATO" TAKE-OFF ROCKETS IN ITS TAIL.

The Boeing B-47 *Stratojet* medium bomber, with its swept-back wings and six General Electric J-47 jet engines, is now being produced in great quantity at various plants in the U.S.A. It is flown by a crew of three, has a designed internal bomb-load of 20,000 lb. and a maximum speed of over 600 m.p.h. It has a span of 116 ft. and a length of 108 ft., and it has been claimed as the world's fastest medium bomber. This claim is, however, challenged by the English Electric *Canberra*, which, although also classified as a medium bomber, is considerably

smaller, having a span of nearly 64 ft. and a length of 65½ ft. It is powered by two Rolls-Royce *Avon* gas turbines and operated by a crew of three. Performance and carrying capacity details have not been published; but on March 16 a *Canberra* reached Australia from England (a distance of 12,680 miles) in the record flying time of 20 hours 20 mins., three hours less than the previous record (also set up by a *Canberra*). The pilot said: "We flew at an economical speed, not trying to break any records. The trip was without incident."

A MONSTER'S PATH TO PARADISE.

"THE SOUL OF MARSHAL GILLES DE RAIZ"; By D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

N.B.—The illustrations on this page are not reproduced from the book.

GILLES DE RAIZ, a young nobleman with immense estates in and outside Brittany (he was no Breton), was Joan of Arc's right-hand man during her military campaigns, and carried her to safety when she was wounded; and when the City of Coronation, Rheims, was reached, he was one of the four horsemen who bore the Ampulla from the Abbey to the Cathedral, shortly afterwards being made a Marshal of France. Immediately after Joan's death he became the monster who gave birth to the legend of Barbe-Bleu, or Blue Beard. It is true that there is no evidence that he ever had any sort of beard, let alone a blue one. And, as for wives, he never had but one, and she survived him. But he certainly became an Ogre. His victims were not wives, but youths and little children; and they were tortured and slain and thrown into pits, not in ones, but in hundreds. He was lord of great domains; his emissaries scoured the fields and villages far and wide for pretty boys and babes, whose parents never saw them again. Rumour spreads slowly. After all, thought the peasants, the children, beginning as pages, might be climbing to great careers behind the moats and drawbridges and walls of Gilles's enormous castles. But suspicion grew. Accomplices weakened and fled. Then, at a fair trial, the whole horror of his fall was unveiled. An ecclesiastical court condemned him for heresy and witchcraft, a civil court for murder. He confessed, he was hanged and, before he was hanged, he expressed himself as penitent, and was shaven.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis is not mainly interested in the details of Gilles's infamies, some of which seem to have been base beyond any conception but his. He indicates the stages through which Gilles went—starting from a cupidity for gold as a means to power and show—in his search for the Philosophers' Stone: Black Masses, human sacrifices, invocations to the Devil, experiments with crucibles and retorts, summonings-up of "elementals." As a preliminary to the worst excesses and perversions, he gives us one ghastly glimpse on the Brink of the Pit. Gilles had summoned to his aid an Italian scientist called Prelati, who had raised a devil and been ferociously manhandled by him. "The affair seems to have convinced Gilles de Raiz that if he was to enlist the sympathy and aid of those powers guaranteed by the books to give him what he desired, it was time to adopt methods of approach more pleasing to them. How recently Prelati had repeated in Gilles's presence an observation made more than once and admitted at his trial, concerning the undoubted efficacy of a certain kind of sacrifice, it is not possible to judge; but not long after the contretemps with Barron [a raised devil] it happened that Griart and Poitou, entering the Marshal's chamber unexpectedly one night, found their master holding a linen cloth containing a hand, the heart and the eyes of a murdered child. A small mutilated corpse lay on the floor, still warm." Thereafter, at night, in vaulted, secluded chambers, Gilles, unknown to most of his servants,

banqueted, tortured and killed his cajoled or kidnapped prey, seeking through his experiments alchemical power.

Just before that last corruption, Gilles, at the expense of an immense amount of money, had "staged" in Orleans the "Orleans Mystery," a play produced on a super-Reinhardt scale, with the rescue of France by St. Joan as its theme and Gilles de Raiz as her principal supporter. Gilles undoubtedly adored Joan of Arc, recognising utter nobility when he saw it, and willing to follow it to the death. She was burnt as a witch by the English and Burgundians, with a Bishop presiding. It must be remembered that belief in witchcraft was general at the time and long after. Under the Protectorate in England, thousands of witches were burnt, the Old Testament men remembering the Witch of Endor; and some of the witches believing, rightly or wrongly, in witchcraft. Joan's unjust fate might well have driven Gilles de Raiz mad: she was utterly good and a Saint, and had

he was doing was wrong; and that he purged himself in the end. I suppose that, like the next man or the next woman, I know myself weak and fallible. I am aware that I have free-will, and know that it is only a matter of slipping the mental brake and I might find myself (immunity being guaranteed) expediting the arrival of certain politicians into the next world. I might even think that I was promoting the public welfare by my assassinations; deluding myself, of course, because the moment one abominable liar and traitor vanishes from the political landscape, there are always two to take his place. But we ordinary citizens, however we may toy with such notions in our day-dreams, have always a warner within who says:

MR. D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.
Mr. Dominic Bevan Wyndham Lewis, a well-known author and journalist, is a regular contributor to the *News Chronicle*, writing under the pen-name of Timothy Shy. His special interest is fifteenth-century history and literature, particularly French. Among the books he has written are "A London Farrago" (1922), "Francois Villon" (1928), "Ronsard" (1944) and "The Hooded Hawk" (1947).

"This is not merely day-dreaming but it is wrong! Pull yourself up!"

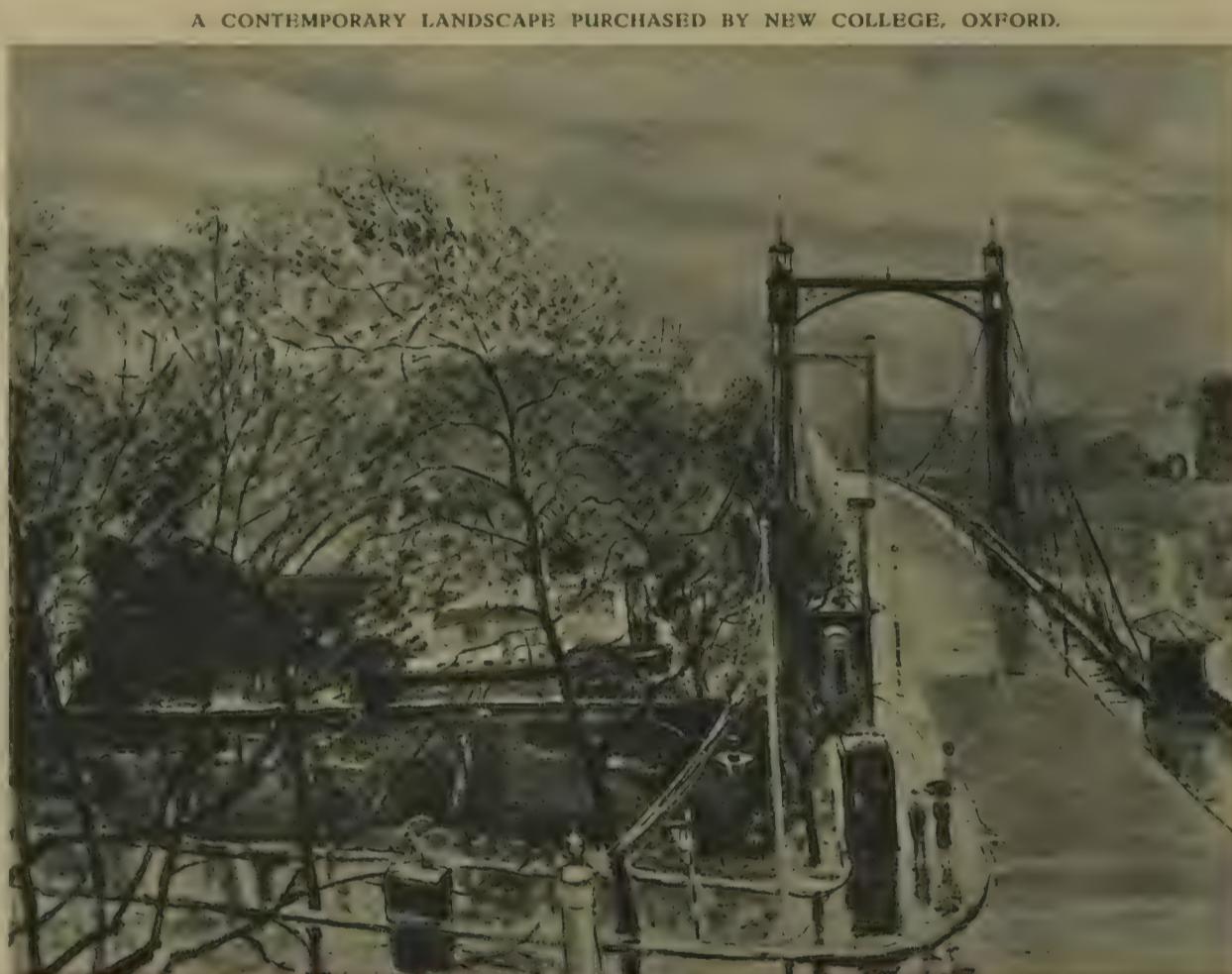
I hope that Mr. Wyndham Lewis is right in supposing that Gilles de Raiz is now in Paradise, or at least in Purgatory. But I simply can't agree with his theory that he was a sane man deliberately doing wrong. There have been such. Hitler was one of them. Napoleon was another who, rather late in the day, said: "I have known men: Jesus Christ was not a man." But those conceited vulgarians really had a notion that they could reorganise the lives of people on this earth in a way that would promote the welfare of the people as well

as redounding to their own glory. They had thoughts beyond themselves; as even Lenin had, who said that he didn't mind if nine-tenths of the population died so long as the surviving tenth had Socialism.

Mr. Lewis has not convinced me about Gilles' sanity. At what point Gilles went mad I do not know. That he was a madman I am certain. Whether his repentance occurred in a lucid moment or not cannot now be decided: the Church apparently thought that it did.

The book is beautifully written by a man who knows his period; a period full of wars, both in England and France, but alive and creative. Mr. Lewis knows his period thoroughly. I wish that, turning from the bestiality of Gilles de Raiz and the conjectural business of that mad beast's redemption, he would switch over to an English subject. The life has yet to be written of King Henry VI., founder of Eton and King's, friend and fellow-composer of John Dunstable, and a candidate for canonisation if ever there was one.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 516 of this issue.



"SUN AFTER RAIN"; BY CAREL WEIGHT, WHOSE LATEST WORK WAS RECENTLY ON VIEW AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.
This fine landscape by Carel Weight, whose latest work was recently on view at the exhibition of his recent paintings in the Leicester Galleries, Mr. Carel Weight, who was born in 1908, studied at Hammersmith School of Art and Goldsmith's College. During the war he served in the R.E. and the Army Education Corps, and was appointed Art Adviser for Army Education in London District. From 1945-46 he was Official War Artist for C.M.F. in Italy, Greece and Austria. He has been Tutor at the Royal College of Art since 1947. The Arts Council, the National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne, Liverpool City Art Gallery, and many provincial public collections have acquired works by him; and he executed a mural for the Festival of Britain (South Bank). His picture contributed to the Art Council's Exhibition "Sixty Paintings for 1951" was purchased by the Contemporary Art Society.

saved France. But the case which Mr. Wyndham Lewis tries to make out in this book is that Gilles de Raiz was not mad, but merely a sinner who sinned greatly, repented at the last, never lost his Christian faith, and, in the end, had the trumpets blowing for him on the other side. I thought, as I was reading his book, of the Macnaughton Rule: in the end I found that Mr. Lewis had an Appendix about that.

"It would certainly take," he says, "all the histrionic skill of the cleverest advocate, defending Gilles de Raiz at Old Bailey to-day, to establish irresponsibility for a series of a couple of hundred murders carried out regularly over some ten years; in fact, what is called in British law 'evidence of system' is sufficiently abundant in Gilles's case even without his repeated admission on oath that he killed for pleasure, *pour ma propre délectation et sans le conseil de qui ce soit*. . . . In conclusion, therefore, Gilles's own evidence and bearing at his trial, his frank and deliberate confessions, and his acknowledgment of a conscience he had never been able to stifle, seem to establish that full responsibility of which no contemporary had the slightest doubt."

Mr. Wyndham Lewis maintains that Gilles de Raiz was sane; that he knew all the time that what



THE OPENING OF THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON FESTIVAL: A SCENE FROM GLEN BYAM SHAW'S PRODUCTION OF "CORIOLANUS" AT THE MEMORIAL THEATRE.

The festival at Stratford-on-Avon opened on March 13 with Glen Byam Shaw's production of "Coriolanus," with Anthony Quayle in the name-part and Mary Ellis as Volumnia. Our photograph shows Volumnia pleading with Coriolanus to spare Rome with Tellus Aufidius (Laurence Harvey) on the right. Also in our photograph are Siobhan McKenna and Margaret Chisholm. Our theatre critic will write about the production in our issue of March 29.



ETERNAL VALUES IN A WAR-TORN WORLD: AN AMERICAN AIR FORCE OFFICER BEING BAPTISED IN THE MUDDY WATERS OF THE CHINWI-CHION RIVER, IN KOREA.
Battered into uselessness by U.S. Far East Air Forces aircraft, the crumbled bridge and the partially submerged and abandoned Russian-built T-34 tank in the foreground formed the setting recently for a ceremony which stressed amid the squalor of war those eternal values which mankind so often rejects. The American chaplain is Captain A. E. K. Brenner.



MOORED ALONGSIDE EACH OTHER IN THE BAY OF NAPLES: WARSHIPS OF THREE OF THE FOUR N.A.T.O. NAVIES THAT TOOK PART IN THE RECENT EXERCISE "GRAND SLAM."

This aerial photograph shows warships of three of the four North Atlantic Treaty Organisation Powers that took part in the recent joint naval exercise "Grand Slam" moored side-by-side at Naples. From front to rear the vessels are: the U.S. heavy cruiser *Newport News*, 17,000 tons, flagship of Vice-Admiral B. Gardner, Commander of the U.S. Sixth Fleet; the Italian battleship *Andrea Doria*, 23,622 tons, wearing the flag of Admiral Giuseppe Manfredi, Commander-in-Chief of the Italian Fleet; the U.S. Amphibious Force flagship *Adirondack* (5450 tons), wearing the flag of Admiral Carney, Commander U.S. Naval Forces in the Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean, who acted as Exercise Director on behalf of the four Naval Commanders-in-Chief; and the British cruiser *Liverpool*, flagship of Admiral Sir John Edelsten, Commander-in-Chief of the British Mediterranean Fleet.



A VILLAGE WHICH DISAPPEARED AFTER BEING HIT BY TIDAL WAVES WHICH FOLLOWED A SERIES OF EARTHQUAKES: KIRITAPPU, NEAR KUSHIRO, IN NORTHERN JAPAN.

Tidal waves 30-ft. high crashed into towns and villages along the northern coast of Japan on March 4 after a series of earthquakes. Fifty miles from Kushiro, which suffered severely, the coastal village of Kiritappu disappeared under huge waves. The total death-roll from the series of disasters in the island of Hokkaido is likely to reach many hundreds, with thousands injured or missing.



ACCUSED OF TAKING PART IN THE CAIRO RIOTS ON JANUARY 26: MEN, IN A GRILLED DOCK, WHO APPEARED BEFORE A MILITARY COURT IN CAIRO.

Twenty men appeared before an Egyptian military court in Cairo on March 12 in the first of a series of trials of 800 people accused of taking part in the Cairo riots on January 26. The prosecutor said there had been an attempt at conspiracy to burn down the capital. The accused stabbed the country in the back, they had acted like beasts, sowing and spreading sedition under cover of patriotism.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



RETURNING TO REJOIN HIS COMRADES IN KOREA AT HIS OWN REQUEST: PRIVATE WILLIAM SPEAKMAN, V.C.

Private William Speakman, V.C., sailed from Liverpool in the troopship *Empire Halladale* for Korea on March 11. He is to rejoin the 1st Battalion, The King's Own Scottish Borderers, at his own request. The battalion is due to return to this country in July. Private Speakman was invested with the V.C. by the Queen at Buckingham Palace on February 27.



THE NEW FRENCH PREMIER, M. PINAY (RIGHT), AND HIS PREDECESSOR, M. EDGAR FAURE.

M. Faure, on March 10, handed over his office as Prime Minister of France to M. Antoine Pinay, who succeeded in forming his Government on March 8. M. Faure, in an interview, described the duties of a French Prime Minister (an office he had held for forty-five days) as a form of "hard labour." Last week the Government was due to submit to the Assembly the text of the new Finance Bill.



PRIME MINISTER OF NORWAY FROM 1935 TO 1945: THE LATE MR. JOHAN NYGAARDSVOLD.

Died on March 13, aged seventy-two. An early member of the Norwegian Labour Party, he was Prime Minister of Norway from 1935 to 1945. He escaped to England with King Haakon and other members of the Government when the Germans invaded Norway in 1940, and resigned after the liberation. He continued, however, as a leader of his party.



WITH THE DUKE: THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, WHO GAVE EVIDENCE ON THE THEFT OF HER JEWELS.

The Duchess of Sutherland gave evidence in Woking Magistrates' Court on March 10, when two men, charged with a theft on November 4, 1950, of £53,635-worth of jewels and cash, from Gardens Cottage, Sutton Place, Guildford, the home of the Duke and Duchess, were sent for trial to Surrey Quarter Sessions.



SIR MAURICE PETERSON.

Died on March 15, aged sixty-three. He was Ambassador to the Soviet Union from 1946 to 1949, when he returned to England to recuperate from an illness which compelled him to resign from the Diplomatic Service. In 1950 he published his memoirs, "Both Sides of the Curtain."

SENATOR KEFAUVER.

Former Chairman of the Senate Crime Investigating Committee and a Tennessee Democrat who, despite opposition from the party organisation, dealt an unexpected rebuff to President Truman by winning all twelve delegate places in the New Hampshire Democratic Presidential primary.



MME. ALEXANDRA KOLLONTAY.

Died on March 9, aged seventy-nine. She was the first woman to become an accredited Minister to a foreign country, and for many years she was Russian Minister in Stockholm. She was Commissar for Social Welfare in the first Soviet Cabinet, and a leader of the Russian feminist movement.

PROFESSOR F. T. BROOKS.

Died on March 11, aged sixty-nine. A distinguished mycologist, he was Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge from 1936 to 1948. He wrote "Plant Diseases" (1928) and "Flowering Plants and Flowerless Plants" in collaboration with the late D. H. Scott.



FOUND GUILTY OF SLANDERING "MEN OF JULY 20": OTTO ERNST REMER (RIGHT) WITH HIS SOLICITORS DURING HIS TRIAL AT BRUNSWICK.

Former Major-General Remer, deputy leader of the Neo-Nazi Socialist Party, was found guilty on March 15 of having slandered members of the German resistance, and defamed men hanged after the failure of the anti-Hitler plot of July 20, 1944; and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. An appeal was expected.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



WRITING A BOOK "DICTATED" BY HIS DOG: THE LATE MAJOR GUY PAGET AT WORK.

Major Guy Paget was killed instantly on March 12 when he was thrown while out hunting with the Fernie. Aged sixty-five, he was a Deputy-Lieutenant of Leicestershire. His published works included hunting reminiscences, county history and novels. A recent book was translated from "the doggerel" by his dog Sir Bernard Montgomery, who is seen in the photograph dictating.



HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF GREAT BRITAIN: J. WILLIAMS (RIGHT) WITH J. GARDNER, THE FORMER HOLDER.

Johnny Williams, the fleet-footed, nimble-witted, Welsh-born boxer from Rugby, became the heavy-weight boxing champion of Great Britain on March 12, when at Earl's Court he beat the former holder, hard-hitting Jack Gardner, of Market Harborough, on points in a gruelling fifteen-round contest. The last Welshman to win the title was Tommy Farr.



THE FIRST PRIME MINISTER OF THE INDEPENDENT STATE OF LIBYA: MAHMUD BEY MUNTASSER.

As a result of the general elections held throughout Libya, Independents form the vast majority in the House of Representatives. Most are supporters of the present Government and the federal system. Mahmud Bey Muntasser, appointed Premier by King Idris in the Provisional Government of December 15, when Libya became independent, retains office.

FOUR MEN WHOSE NAMES ARE IN THE NEWS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



APPOINTED SECRETARY OF STATE FOR COMMONWEALTH RELATIONS : LORD SALISBURY, WHO WILL PROBABLY CONTINUE TO HOLD THE OFFICE OF LORD PRIVY SEAL.

It was announced on March 13 that Lord Salisbury had been appointed Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations in succession to Lord Ismay. Lord Salisbury, who is fifty-eight, is to continue to hold the office of Lord Privy Seal and to act as Leader of the House of Lords, at least for the time being. He will now take up responsibilities similar to those which he discharged from 1943 to 1945, when he was Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs.



TO BE SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANISATION AND VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC COUNCIL : LORD ISMAY.

Lord Ismay, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, has accepted the appointment of Secretary-General of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, and becomes Vice-Chairman of the North Atlantic Council. His resignation to take up his new appointment will be a substantial loss to the Government, and the fact that the Prime Minister is willing to spare him shows the measure of importance which the Government attach to the new office of Secretary-General of N.A.T.O.



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, WHO PRESENTED HIS MAIDEN BUDGET IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON MARCH 11 : MR. R. A. BUTLER.

Mr. R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, presented his first Budget on March 11. He described his measures as designed to give the nation "solvency, security and incentive." On March 12 *The Times*, in commenting on the Budget, said that Mr. Butler had "discharged an appallingly difficult task—difficult alike in the financial and economic problems that it involved and in the political circumstances that surrounded it—with courage, skill and imagination."



TO BE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF NEW ZEALAND IN SUCCESSION TO LIEUT-GENERAL LORD FREYBERG, V.C. : LIEUT-GENERAL SIR WILLOUGHBY NORRIE.

It was announced on March 12 that Lieut-General Sir Willoughby Norrie was to be Governor-General of New Zealand in succession to Lieut-General Lord Freyberg, V.C., whose extended term of office expires in June. Sir Willoughby Norrie, who is fifty-eight, has been Governor of the State of South Australia since 1944. From 1938 to 1941 he commanded an armoured brigade, and later he led the XXX Corps in the Western Desert.

THE LATE BRONZE AGE IN CYPRUS: A RECENTLY DISCOVERED



A NEW
SANCTUARY
OF THE LATE
BRONZE AGE
EXCAVATED
IN CYPRUS.

By
MISS J. DU PLAT
TAYLOR, F.S.A.,
of the Institute of
Archaeology, Uni-
versity of London

Copyright photograph
by the Ashmolean
Museum—Sydney
University Expedition
to Cyprus.

1. SHOWING THE LARGE BLOCKS OF STONE BRIDGING THE DRAIN RUNNING ALONG THE EAST SIDE: THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE COURT.

The expedition sponsored by the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, and Sydney University, Australia, has now completed a second season's work on the Late Bronze Age sanctuary at Piggadie, the north-western corner of Cyprus. The party included a number of British, Australian, and American students and was jointly directed by Miss du Plat Taylor, London University, Institute of Archaeology, and Miss Weston Williams, an Australian archaeologist and Fellow of the British Institute of Archaeology, Ankara.

FIRST discovered by villagers in search of stone, the site of Piggadie was selected for excavation in 1949. It lies in the north-western corner of the coastal plain of Cyprus, just at the foot of the pass crossing the western end of the Kyrenia range. Much pottery of visible remains went to be seen in the gently-sloping ploughland, but 6 ins. below the surface the foundations were numerous. The second season's work was concerned with the clearance of the main sanctuary and the deposit of pottery found upon it. The sanctuary consisted of a rectangular courtyard bounded on the south and west by a massive wall; the north was enclosed by a boundary wall which also flanked the northern edge of a stone altar built at the north-east corner. The eastern wall was constructed with a low bench in front. In the main wall were inserted two small doors, but it is thought that they may have been used for tying up animals, who would have used the bench as a manger. Parallel to the wall running down the side of the court was an open drain. Lying slightly to the east of the central drain was a court. This was a massive structure built of ashlars blocks bedded in a large rubble podium. It

(Continued opposite, centre)



5. THE STONEROOMS ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE COURT IN WHICH THE RHYTON AND OTHER SANCTUARY VESSELS WERE FOUND.



2. SHOWING HOW THE WELL-HEAD WAS RAISED BY USING THE CENTRE SECTION OF A LARGE STORE JAR: A VIEW WITH THE LATER PLATFORM PARTLY REMOVED.



6. FOUND AMONG THE DEBRIS OF THE STONE ALTAR: A BRONZE BULL WHICH MAY BELONG TO THE LATE CYPRIO III PERIOD.

Continued. appears to have had a solid rectangular base, but from its destruction by earthquake and subsequent robbing by villagers, the reconstruction is uncertain. On the north side of the altar there was a separate ashlarsunk in the floor which had fallen. A carved bull with a horn-like projection which must have been part of the original structure. The coffered decoration is unusual. The plan of the court resembles that of the temple at Ay Irini found by the Swedish expedition. Though the outer buildings of the first phase at Ay Irini were not fully explored, the layout is similar: the main deposit represented by a massive monumental structure at Piggadie. The period of construction appears to be the same, Late Cypriot III, c. 1300 B.C. or perhaps rather earlier at Piggadie, probably continuing in use till Cypro-Geometric I., when the buildings were thrown down to the ground. Few objects of secondary use, which may have been done, have been ploughed away. However, that the site continued to be used is shown by the deposit of Early Iron Age pottery lying on a platform of stones above the ruined court. It included types belonging to Cypro-Geometric I.—III., part of a small

(Continued above, right, centre)



8. SHOWING THE THICK WALLS AND EARTH FLOOR: A CORNER OF ONE OF THE STONEROOMS WITH AN OFFERING STAND AND JUG IN SITU.



9. FOUND IN THAT PART OF THE DEPOSIT REPRESENTING THE LAST DYING PHASE OF OCCUPATION IN THE EARLY IRON AGE: TWO TERRA-COTTA FIGURINES OF BULLS WITH SNAKES RISING BETWEEN THE EARS.

SANCTUARY WHOSE SITE WAS OCCUPIED FOR HALF A MILLENNIUM.



3. A FAMILIAR TYPE IN CYPRUS: THE BUGGHERO JUG FOUND IN A DEPOSIT OF POTTERY OFFERINGS JUST BEHIND THE SURFACE ABOVE THE COURT.

Continued. Cycladic bowl and terra-cotta figurines of bulls and horses, and a number of bronze vessels, including a rhyton and a fibula. The bronze bull (Fig. 6) was found in the centre of the altar at this level, but it is probable that it may belong to the Late Cypriot III. period. It is a cast piece and resembles the more familiar bulls in Basinger ware. Few sherds found just below

(Continued above)

plough-level indicate that the deposit was not further used after the middle of the sixth century B.C. The 1951 season's work concentrated on clearing the floor of the court and in exploring the earlier periods in the area. To the south of the main group of storerooms was uncovered containing a number of large pottery vessels, which had crashed through the fall of walls. In each room were also found large numbers of small pottery vessels, a variety of stone pestles. One of the most interesting finds was the floor of the room was the stone-lined well, some 6 metres deep, which had been dug at least in the pre-Cypriot III. period. The court was built, for when the court was laid out it necessitated the raising of the well-head. This had been done by using the centre section of a large store jar to surround the mouth and building up new platforms around it (Fig. 2). Moreover, the uncovering of the season's work was a range of storerooms extending from the south side of the road, and a number of rooms built on plaster floors and stone walls. No finds were made in these rooms, for all had been cleared for the construction of the L.C. III. court. The storerooms (Fig. 5) on the east side were built with thick walls and earth floors. Into these at the time of rebuilding had been cast much of the early sanctuarium furniture (Fig. 8). These include a Mycenaean rhyton, a bronze stand with a ring-base, a bronze jug with a flower and palm-tree ornament, and some incense-burners, three in pottery and one of stone. With them were several plain and painted jugs, one with a Cypriot inscription scratched on it, and some Basinger bowls in a neighbouring room with tips of ash and animal bones cleared out from the early sanctuary. The rhyton (Fig. 10), a form of libation vessel, is a well-known Cypriot type. A number have been found in the British Museum from Enkomi in Cyprus, but they are rare vessels. The design of the stylised palm-tree is found on some of the Mycenaean kraters from the site, but the Mycenaean rhyton, common in the Mycenaean repertory, may be rather earlier. The rhyton may be dated in the late fourteenth or early thirteenth century. The incense-burners are less frequently found in Cyprus. One came from the lowest layer of Ay Irini, but these most nearly resemble those from the Megiddo temple and some other Phoenician sanctuaries. The bronze jug (Fig. 7) belongs to types which have hitherto been found chiefly among the older excavations in the island. The tripod stands, similar to those found in the British Museum tombs from Enkomi of the Late Cypriot III. period. We found a ring-stand with a frieze of animals similar to the band on the tripod of the Gomosla temple at Negev. No signs of incense-burners were found in the small areas, but traces of floors and pits, and a great deal of pottery, date to the thirteenth century B.C. Another stand was more unusual, though its spiral and rope pattern are common forms of decoration on the tripods. This stand also bears four Cypriot signs. Both stand and ring-stand are of the thirteenth century. Among other objects from the site was an Egyptian heart amulet with cartouches, probably of Ramses III., but rather poorly executed. It was found on the floor of the court storerooms. Deep sherds in parts of the site indicated that it was first occupied in the Middle Bronze Age during the seventeenth century B.C. No structures were found in the small areas, but traces of floors and walls was defined, but no plan. The pottery assigned it to the Late



10. DATED IN THE LATE 14TH OR EARLY 13TH CENTURY B.C.: A RHYTON, WITH FLOWER AND PALM-TREE ORNAMENT.



4. AN AREA PRESUMABLY USED AS A STABLE FOR SACRED ANIMALS: THE EAST WALL: SHOWING THE MANGER LEDGE AND THE DRAIN IN THE FOREGROUND.



7. PART OF THE EARLY SANCTUARY FURNITURE FOUND IN THE STONEROOMS ON THE EAST SIDE: A GROUP OF BRONZE TRIPODS AND RING-STANDS.

spiral and rope pattern are common forms of decoration on the tripods. This stand also bears four Cypriot signs. Both stand and ring-stand are of the thirteenth century. Among other objects from the site was an Egyptian heart amulet with cartouches, probably of Ramses III., but rather poorly executed. It was found on the floor of the court storerooms. Deep sherds in parts of the site indicated that it was first occupied in the Middle Bronze Age during the seventeenth century B.C. No structures were found in the small areas, but traces of floors and walls was defined, but no plan. The pottery assigned it to the Late



11. AS FOUND IN ONE OF THE STONEROOMS UNCOVERED AT PIGGADIE: A STONE TROUGH AND A NUMBER OF BROKEN STORE JARS IN SITU.

WHEN I was a beginner in military history, a splendid old man used to come to the office in which I was working, to consult the records. He seemed to me an almost legendary figure. Sir John Ross of Bladensburg was, so I was told only two generations removed from the British commander who captured Washington and burnt the White House. The task on which he was engaged was the history of the Coldstream Guards, chiefly for the period of the First World War. He took it up to the year 1920. Now it has been carried on to cover the return of the Coldstream battalions to this country after the Second World War.* The joint authors both held commissions in the regiment during that period. Mr. John Sparrow has within the last few weeks been elected Warden of All Souls. The name of the younger, Mr. Michael Howard, is placed first on the title-page because, owing to the preoccupations of his senior, it fell to him to do the greater share of the work. He had already made some good, if brief, contributions to regimental history in a volume of memoirs from various hands entitled

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

campaign in North-West Europe. Here the 1st and 5th served together in the Guards Armoured Division, one as an armoured battalion, the other as "lorried infantry." The 4th Battalion served in the 6th Guards Tank (later Armoured) Brigade, equipped with Churchill tanks.

It is no secret nowadays that in the retreat to the coast in 1940 the discipline of the Guards carried them through misfortune and strain which proved too much for many other troops. The officer commanding the 2nd Battalion noted that on May 29, when it was holding the Bergues-Furnes Canal, and other troops, largely stragglers, were passing through to the coast: "Two platoons of the Welsh Guards were the only

there was always more to show for effort and the initiative was hardly ever lost. There perhaps the grimmest task was that of "Operation Veritable," in which all the battalions of the regiment in the theatres took part. I have in my library the excellent history of the 6th Guards Tank Brigade, by Mr. Patrick Forbes, which describes the share of a brigade containing one Coldstream battalion in these operations. This battalion, the 4th, ended the war at Kiel, and the 1st and 5th not far away at Stade, where they were slightly annoyed to find the people "walking in the streets, shopping, talking and staring at the English with apparent unconcern."

The history begins with a phase of the troubled period after the First World War when the 1st Guards Brigade, including the 3rd Battalion of the regiment, was hurriedly despatched to Constantinople and landed at Chanak in October 1922, at a moment when it appeared probable that a clash would occur with the victorious Turkish troops of Mustapha Kemal. We should have had to fight alone in that case, because France and Italy had already made terms with



LOOKING UP THE HUDSON RIVER, WITH STORM KING MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE (LEFT)
OPPOSITE TO NEWBURGH MOUNTAIN : THE VIEW FROM TROPHY POINT, WEST POINT.

FOUNDED ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO:
WEST POINT, THE U.S. MILITARY ACADEMY.



COMPLETED IN 1910 : THE CADETS' CHAPEL AT WEST POINT,
THE U.S. MILITARY ACADEMY WHICH THIS YEAR CELEBRATES
ITS 150TH ANNIVERSARY. IT OPENED WITH TEN CADETS; ITS
AUTHORISED STRENGTH IS NOW 2400.



THE CENTRAL PART OF WEST POINT, WITH CADETS RETURNING
FROM CLASSES. THE U.S. MILITARY ACADEMY WAS FOUNDED
IN 1802 AND OPENED IN JULY OF THAT YEAR.



IN MEMORY OF THE 2230 REGULAR ARMY OFFICERS WHO FELL
DURING THE CIVIL
WAR IN DEFENCE OF
THE UNION : BATTLE
MONUMENT.



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, WEST POINT, N.Y. : THIS IS
WHERE THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE U.S. MILITARY
ACADEMY, MAJOR-GENERAL F. A. IRVING, HAS HIS OFFICE.



WHERE THE CLASSES AT WEST POINT ARE HELD : THE WEST ACADEMIC BUILDING. ALL CADETS
TAKE THE SAME COURSE, RIGOROUSLY THOROUGH, RATHER THAN EXTREMELY DIFFICULT.

West Point, the U.S. Military Academy, was founded in 1802, and the theme of this year's 150th anniversary celebrations, based upon the service which the Academy has rendered to the nation, is "Furthering our National Security." The U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, recently paid tribute to West Point by the presentation of a bronze plaque from the Brigade of Midshipmen to the Corps of Cadets. West Point, which has an authorised strength of 2496 cadets,



IN HONOUR OF THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY : THE PRESENTATION OF A BRONZE PLAQUE
FROM THE U.S. BRIGADE OF MIDSHIPMEN TO THE U.S. MILITARY ACADEMY CADETS.

is situated on a 3500-acre reservation on the west bank of the Hudson River, in Orange County, N.Y. State. The riding-hall is one of the largest in the world, and the library, built in 1841, contains rare MSS., maps, trophies, paintings by Stuart and Sully, and sketches by J. McNeill Whistler. Memorials to former cadets include those to Whistler and Edgar Allan Poe; and there is an equestrian statue of General Washington, with his arm extended blessing the institution.



"AND WELCOMES LITTLE FISHES IN": A RUSSIAN METHOD OF FISHING WITH AN ALTERNATING ELECTRIC CURRENT.

It has been known for some time that an electric current will either attract, stun or kill fishes, but it is only within recent years that this knowledge has been put to a practical use. If an alternating current is used, fishes avoid the area, and so this has been employed to keep them away from the intakes at hydro-electric stations. If direct current is employed the fishes are drawn towards the positive electrode and held there until released by removing the electrode from the water. In the United States, Canada and Sweden this form of electrical fishing is being used by ichthyologists to assist in the study of fish populations. On the facing page we illustrate how this is done and also a method being used on trout streams in this country. Here our Artist illustrates an "electrical fishing" trawler which

the Russians are reported to be using. As soon as the alternating current is switched on, the shoal of fishes moves away from the electrified area toward a funnel which carries the central electrode. They are sucked up a pipe and fall into the fish-hold, where the water drains away into the sea. It has been suggested that by combining the electrical method with ordinary net fishing, it would be possible to ensure that the catch consisted only of sizeable fish, thus ending the slaughter of thousands of immature fish which die before they can be returned to the sea. Another possibility is the use of an electric current in whaling. An electrode could be shot into the sea near the whale, which would be held in a stupefied condition on the surface until it was killed or released.



ELECTRICAL FISHING IN ENGLAND: AN EXPERIMENTAL METHOD FOR CLEARING TROUT STREAMS OF GRAYLING AND COARSE FISH.

In a recent issue of *Country Fair* Mr. Jack Hargreaves described some experiments which Lieut.-Colonel Hammond Davies, Secretary of the Piscatorial Society's Water Committee, has been making in controlling trout streams by using direct electric current to weed out pike, grayling and other unwanted species instead of netting them in the usual way. He found that the current (200 volts at 5 amps) did not harm the fish but brought them to the positive electrode, where they could be taken from the water in landing-nets and placed in containers for release later in the waters of some general angling club. The experiments showed that the

bigger the fish the greater the effect and that the greater the length of the fish the more susceptible it was to the current—eels and pike are therefore quickly removed from the stream, no matter how much weed there may be. Our Artist has illustrated the way in which this kind of fishing can be carried out from a punt and also another method whereby keepers wearing rubber waders may search under rocks and in other difficult places where eels may lie. Whether electrical fishing will provide a new aid for the poacher has yet to be seen; at the moment the noise of the generator engine would give him away.

TO MEET A COMMUNIST SPRING OFFENSIVE:
AMERICAN FIRE-POWER IN THE KOREAN WAR.



U.S. INFANTRY WEAPONS IN ACTION: U.S. MARINES USING THE M1 (GARAND) RIFLE DURING TRAINING IN KOREA. THE GARAND IS '30 CALIBRE, SEMI-AUTOMATIC AND WEIGHS 9½ LB.'



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

ALL SORTS OF RIFF-RAFF.

By ALAN DENT.

A FELLOW-CRITIC—certainly younger, possibly a better, and undeniably more *au fait* with ultra-modern or vanguard values— informed me somewhat frigidly the other evening that I had a reprovable habit of doing less than justice to the drama of Mr. Tennessee Williams. "His squalor may not be to your taste," said my friend, almost in so many words, "but in both subtlety and dramatic momentum he is at his best the equal of Ibsen, and even at his least good he is vastly superior in every quality that matters to that insane windbag, Strindberg."

It is, of course, one of the critic's duties to keep prejudice at bay. And it is now time for me to confess—if anyone is interested in such a confession—that when I first read it I was so prejudiced against Mr. Williams's play, "A Streetcar Named Desire," that I did the following things which are quite against my normal nature: (1) I tried vainly to urge Miss Vivien Leigh to think twice about acting the part of Blanche in the stage-production. (2) Having failed in my persuasions—which, of course, she and her director-husband took with nonchalant unseriousness—I said I would escape the play's first night by hook or by crook. (3) I persuaded my newspaper to send me to Dublin for the week of the play's opening in London. (4) I did indeed go to Dublin and by the quickest possible method—by air, in short, a medium in which I had never travelled before.

Well, "Streetcar" was duly produced, and made a great stir, and it has now been made into an American film (again with Miss Leigh) which is making an even greater stir. And the brilliant Elia Kazan has directed the film, and the new, black-haired bombshell, Marlon Brando, plays the vicious Pole who drives the hapless Blanche, his sister-in-law, to near-suicide. And I come away from the film battered (just as I came away from the play when at length I was coaxed to see it



"WHATSOEVER ONE MAY THINK OF THE PIECE OR EVEN OF THE CHARACTER, THIS IS A HAUNTINGLY BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE—TORN, RAVAGED AND STRICKEN—AND WITH SOME PECCULARLY PITEOUS LITTLE GESTURES ABOUT IT THAT COME NEAR TO MOVING ME IN SPITE OF MYSELF": MISS VIVIEN LEIGH AS BLANCHE (RIGHT) WITH HER SISTER STELLA (KIM HUNTER) IN "A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE."

But screen-conditions give her opportunities to relax when she is not seen, and the result is something much more awe-inspiring because much better sustained.

Miss Leigh has gone to startling lengths to make Blanche a thoroughly raddled little ruin of a beauty. In recent years we have seen film-actresses play madwomen or pioneer's wives or self-unrespecting spinsters and succeeding sensational by the simple process of removing every shred of their normal make-up. Miss Leigh succeeds sensational by a witty reversal of this same process! Being by nature a

devastatingly good-looking young woman, she has to apply make-up—and not remove it—in order to make herself as bad-looking and as debauched as Blanche is rightly supposed to be. Whatever one may think of the piece or even of the character, this is a hauntingly brilliant performance—torn, ravaged and stricken—and with some peculiarly piteous little gestures about it that come near to moving me in spite of myself, and in spite of my sustained objections to the author's pretentious style of dialogue.

Mr. Kazan's share has been to cast the minor characters ideally (Kim Hunter as Stella, and Karl Malden as Mitch, Blanche's admirer, whose decency is of the greatest value to a piece which totters so precariously on the verge of the opposite quality); to ensure, partly with imaginative lighting effects, that the New Orleans setting has its full brutish and blowsy impact; and to give Miss Leigh and Mr. Brando their combined heads, since they have cast themselves so triumphantly.

This actor's voice is like a whip-lash, and his presence as menacing as a handsome bull's. His

sneers are alarming, and his frowns are astrighting. Mr. Brando's Stanley Kowalski frequently says: "So what!" and whenever he does it sounds like "So-wut!" and has the sting of a switch across one's knuckles. His manner of consuming his food while walking about the room, eating without implements, and then sucking his fingers clean, will doubtless greatly endear this new actor to young persons who are not permitted to do such things in the security of their own homes. But, more seriously, Mr. Brando besides being the exponent of a vivid personality, already shows some rudimentary ability in the matter of acting as well.

To make my position perfectly clear, let me say that I do not now, and never shall, like "A Streetcar Named Desire." It is a low and alarming spectacle, like that of a tenement-house on fire. But this superb film-version certainly has its own peculiar fascination, like that of some such conflagration in some deplorable slum. We despise ourselves for gazing, but we just go on gazing all the same, till the last giant flame has subsided and the last screaming wretch has been brought to safety or given up for lost.

We may gaze upon some further fascinating riff-raff in a British film called "I Believe In You." This lingers most of the time in the lobbies of a London police-station, and makes it convincingly clear that a probation-officer's lot is not a happy one. Particularly unhappy is the probation-officer, played by that capital actor, Cecil Parker, a man about town who takes up this job voluntarily, thinking it may be a rewarding way of doing some good in the world. His partner in the same job is given the same kind of expert and hopeful assurance by Celia Johnson, and there is an older officer, just about to retire, who is even more beautifully played by George Relph. These three discover nothing but disillusion and thwarted hopes in their profession. They have been praised by *The Times* critic for so capably convincing us that they really are probation-officers, and for so well "conveying the sense of the endless worry and responsibility involved in their thankless work." But "thankless" would appear to be the operative word, and perhaps the film would be untrue to life if it showed that the patience of such workers was rewarded with many lasting reforms. Sir Godfrey Tearle as a



"IT IS A LOW AND ALARMING SPECTACLE, LIKE THAT OF A TENEMENT-HOUSE ON FIRE, BUT THIS SUPERB FILM VERSION CERTAINLY HAS ITS OWN PECULIAR FASCINATION, LIKE THAT OF SOME SUCH CONFLAGRATION IN SOME DEPLORABLE SLUM": "A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE," SHOWING THE SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH BLANCHE (VIVIEN LEIGH) THROWS THE PAPERS ABOUT THE PLANTATION AT STANLEY (MARLON BRANDO).

unprofessionally, shattered), but not in the very least moved or intellectually excited as I invariably am (and feel I always shall be) by anything from the pen of those antiquated and old-fashioned dears, Strindberg and Ibsen.

The trouble with Blanche—as with some other of Mr. Williams's heroines—is that, for me at least, there is no true pathos in her degradation. In this particular piece, Blanche's sister Stella is a far more interesting character. She has married a lout who is far beneath her; but she is as loyal as she is long-suffering. An hour of rapture amply compensates her for a fortnight of suffering. Unlike her sister, she does not hanker after the gentility of her upbringing. She is resigned but devoted, humiliated but still fond. Blanche, on the other hand, is without loyalty even to her own sister. We are asked to pour out sympathy on her because she had made a tragically unhappy marriage which drove her to prostitution and the bottle. We are supposed to pity her because she clings to the remnants of her happier days, feather-trimmed dressing-gowns, and the ruins of a tiara. "I never lied in my heart," she says in one crisis. Personally, I cannot believe in the existence of her heart, or that she ever did anything else but lie throughout her tawdry and cheap-scented little life.



"WHOEVER YOU ARE, I'VE ALWAYS DEPENDED ON THE KINDNESS OF STRANGERS": THE SCENE AT THE END OF "A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE" (WARNER BROS.), BASED ON THE ORIGINAL PLAY OF THE SAME NAME BY TENNESSEE WILLIAMS, WHEN BLANCHE (VIVIEN LEIGH) GOES OFF WITH THE DOCTOR (RICHARD GARRICK), WHOM SHE HAS PERSUADED HERSELF IS AN ADMIRER, WHO WILL TAKE HER ON A CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN.

magistrate is very much what you would expect—the pink of gracious and faintly sarcastic courtesy.

Among the riff-raff itself I found the older and Dickensian types more plausible and true-seeming than the younger or Graham-Greeneish types. But this may be because the former types are more familiar to me. Lovely work in the first category is done by Miss Ada Reeve and Miss Katie Johnson as two deeply pathetic waifs and strays. And nasty work in the second is unsparingly suggested by Mr. Laurence Harvey, Mr. Harry Fowler and Miss Joan Collins as three young folk who are not waifs at all and know exactly in which direction they are determined to stray. This is not a film to be missed—just as that other one is not a film to be resisted!



THE TRIAL SCENE IN THE NEW BALLET, "A MIRROR FOR WITCHES": DOLL (ANNE HEATON), STANDING ON THE TABLE, WITH TITUS (PHILIP CHATFIELD) AT HER FEET.



DOLL (ANNE HEATON; LEFT) AND THE TWINS (MARGARET DALE AND JOAN BENESH): SHE THROWS A STRAW DOLL TO THEM, AND THEY ARE SEIZED WITH CONVULSIONS.



THE DEATH OF BILBY (LESLIE EDWARDS): DOLL (ANNE HEATON; ON PLATFORM, LEFT) HAS CURSED HIM FOR TRYING TO MAKE HER MARRY TITUS.

"A FRESH PIECE OF EXCELLENT WITCHCRAFT"—AS A SADLER'S WELLS 1952 BALLET TRIUMPH.

"A Mirror for Witches," a new ballet based on a novel by Esther Forbes, with choreography and scenario by Andrée Howard, to music by Denis Aplvor, was first performed by the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden on March 4, as noted in our issue of March 8. It was given again last week and performances are arranged for March 26, April 3, 5 and 10. Doll, daughter of a witch burned in Brittany in the seventeenth century, is

rescued by Bilby, an American ship's captain, and taken to New England. Fate convinces the girl that she has evil powers, and in her anguish she prays to Heaven; and then, in despair she invokes the Devil. A young stranger appears, whom she takes to be a messenger from hell sent to comfort her. She is tried and condemned to death: but dies in her cell when the stranger—who became her lover—appears as the Prince of Darkness.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



MOST gardeners, I imagine, are familiar with the term "loot." Loot-garden loot—is the collection of seeds, cuttings, bulbs or plants that one brings home after a visit to a friend's garden. But the term "loot" is perhaps more popular and familiar than apt. Loot, in the strict sense of the word, suggests goods taken by force rather than accepted as gifts, and among gardeners of goodwill plants, seeds, bulbs, cuttings, etc., are given and exchanged with a friendly freedom that exists, surely, in no other hobby.

Good gardeners like nothing better than giving bits of this and that to visiting friends. If they don't, then, I maintain, they are not good gardeners. Only once have I met a man to whom it was pain and anguish to give away a plant or cutting. But at any rate he was quite frank about it. In fact, he said to me, on the only occasion on which I visited his garden, that it really hurt him to be asked for a plant. That was not the reason why I only visited him once. It was a dull garden, anyway.

Personally, although I use the term "loot" the more frequently, I much prefer the word "manavelins." But manavelins has the disadvantage of being very little known, though it happens to be a perfectly good dictionary word. As a child I was brought up on the word, but until quite late in life I always imagined that it was a purely family term. Then to my surprise I found "manavelins" in the dictionary. It's a seafaring word, dating back to the old days of sail. It meant odds and ends, especially of food. Fresh fruit, vegetables, meat and water picked up ashore whenever the opportunity occurred. As a family word I had known it chiefly in connection with the garden. A garden friend would be taken round the garden, with a basket and a hand-fork, and given odds and ends of this and that, cuttings, plants, "Irishman's cuttings," seedlings, seeds—in fact, manavelins.

One of the earliest manavelins that I ever received was such an important treasure that it amounted to more than an end or an odd or an inconsiderable trifle. It was somewhere in the early 'twenties. In a garden paper I read an account of a new hybrid Kabschia saxifrage, that had been raised at Kew. It had pale-pink flowers—the first pink Kabschia that ever happened. I went at once to Kew and saw my friend the Curator, William Watson, and boldly asked if I might be spared a cutting. He said he was most willing, but that I had better see Walter Irving, who was then in charge of the Alpine and herbaceous department. Irving said he'd like me to have a cutting, but I must first get Watson's permission. I explained that he was willing. Irving showed me the plant, a compact tuft of fine, grey leaves, about as big as a five-shilling piece, covered with exquisite shell-pink blossoms on inch-high stems. Then he took a knife and wedged off a tuft consisting of about a dozen cuttings, which seemed to me amazingly generous. Not a bit of it. Irving kept the tuft of cuttings and gave me the rest of the growing plant!

LOOT—OR MANAVELINS

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

Was ever such generosity, or such a wonderful manavelin? This hybrid was called *Saxifraga x Irvingii*, after its raiser. Many pink hybrids have been raised since then, with larger and pinker flowers, but the dainty little *Irvingii* still holds its own in a quiet sort of way, and it stands high in my memory as an outstanding example of a truly wonderful manavelin.

Another treasured manavelin that came my way was the pigmy form of *Rosa alpina*. It was given to me many years ago by the late Colonel Warrender. The normal *R. alpina* grows up to 4, 5, or 6 ft. tall.

blue variety of *Campanula pusilla*. When first shown, at a Holland House show, it took folk by storm, and for many years it was immensely popular. When Miss Helen Willmott saw it at that Holland House show she claimed to have collected it on the Rhône Glacier, and to my subsequent regret I named it—with her willing permission—*Campanula p. "Miss Willmott"*. My friend Kingsmill, however, had other views as to the plant's origin, and was, I fear, not a little offended

at my innocent mistake. It is some years since I saw this good plant. I would give one important if perhaps obvious piece of advice to keen gardeners and collectors of manavelins. Never go anywhere without a wad of seed envelopes in your wallet. Another useful thing, for special visits and expeditions, is a sheet of oiled silk—for wrapping special plants and cuttings in, though newspaper and a little moss, if at hand, are good enough.

I remember once visiting a famous garden with a friend. The generous owner was unable to go round with us on our arrival, but told us to go round and help ourselves to any seeds that took our fancy. Alas, neither of us had any seed envelopes. We used all the letters and their envelopes that we had, and finally fell back on pound and ten-shilling Treasury notes, but as neither of us was a capitalist, these did not go far. It was that day's experience that taught me always to carry seed envelopes. Our host on that occasion, too, sent me away with a really "superduper" manavelin—a whole sack-

full of plants of that grand old cottage auricula known as "Old Red Dusty Miller." It has the constitution of a cabbage, fine leaves heavily dusted with white meal, and heads of smallish, wallflowered flowers. Personally, I always prefer to accept offers of plants or cuttings on the spot rather than wait for what may be considered the "proper time." But in this connection I remember the very generous owner of a fine garden, packed with interesting plants. He found that far too many visitors said they would like this and that. Too often it was just an idle request, or the love of something for nothing. In such cases he would tell the visitor to make notes of what he or she wanted, and write and ask for them in the autumn. The result was that only genuine desires were remembered and written for, and much wasted labour was saved by my friend.

To put the giving of manavelins at its lowest level, I would say that it "pays." It so often happens that one loses a good plant for one reason or another, in which case, if one has given it to sundry friends, one can be sure of getting it back into one's own garden. But to put looting and the giving of manavelins



THE FIRST PINK KABSCHIA SAXIFRAGE TO BE RAISED AND STILL ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL: *SAXIFRAGA X IRVINGII*, GROWING IN OPEN GROUND.



A FINE POT SPECIMEN OF *SAXIFRAGA X IRVINGII*: ONE OF THE EARLY SPRING DELIGHTS OF THE ALPINE HOUSE. THE FLOWERS ARE A DELICATE SHELL-PINK IN COLOUR.

The Kabschia saxifrages are indestructibly hardy, but their flowers come so early in the year and are so near the ground that they are liable to get spotted with mud and rain, and they are blooming at a date so bleak that their cultivators are perhaps not hardy enough to enjoy them to the full. They are, in consequence, perfect plants for the Alpine house, being grown in pots in plunge-beds out of doors, and brought under glass only as they are about to bloom—and then their gem-like perfection can be enjoyed in detail, in comfort and at the convenient height of the greenhouse staging. *Saxifraga x Irvingii*—whose story Mr. Elliott tells on this page—is one of the most attractive, its dense, juniper-like foliage being most pleasant and its flowers a really touching shell-pink, diversified with red anthers.

Photographs by R. A. Malby and Co.

The variety *R. a. nana* only grows 12 to 18 ins. high. Its flowers, like dog-roses, are a fine, deep pink, and are followed by long, bottle-shaped scarlet hips, and the whole plant has a pleasant aromatic fragrance.

Another delightful manavelin that I was given—by the late Andrew Kingsmill—was a fine, pale lavender-

on its most pleasant footing, there is no doubt that real gardeners enjoy giving just as much as they enjoy receiving—if not more.

As to going round pinching from friends' gardens—or any other gardens—not only is it quite unnecessary, it's contemptible.



ONCE MORE UNDERGOING EXTENSIVE REPAIRS:
THE BANQUETING HALL AT ELTHAM PALACE.



ONCE A RESIDENCE OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND: ELTHAM PALACE; SHOWING REMAINS OF THE PALACE (FOREGROUND), PART OF THE COURTAULD EXTENSION AND THE GREAT HALL.

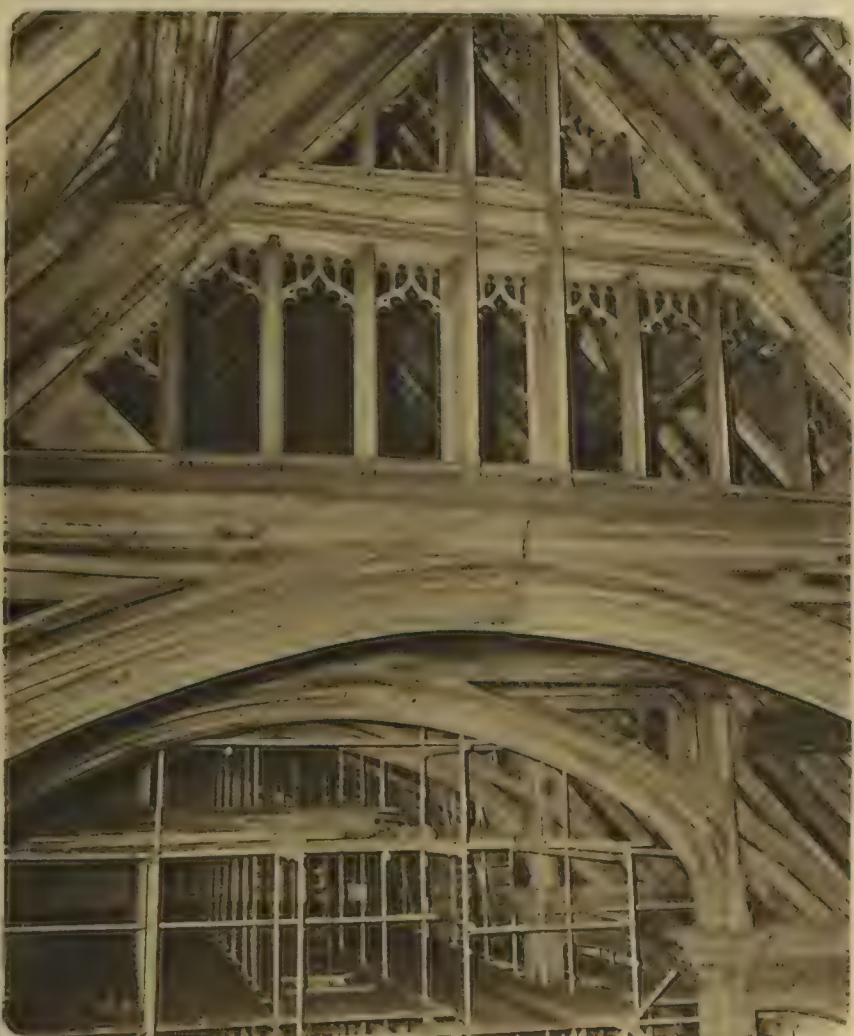


BUILT IN THE LATTER HALF OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY BY "EDWARD THE MAGNIFICENT, KING OF ENGLAND": THE GREAT BANQUETING HALL AT ELTHAM PALACE.



BUILT IN 1396 BY RICHARD II.: THE BRIDGE WHICH SPANS THE MOAT AT ELTHAM PALACE AND WHICH IS NOW BEING RESTORED.

Eltham Palace, in the borough of Woolwich, a favourite country residence of mediæval English monarchs and the place at which the Order of the Garter was established by Edward III. during a tournament in 1347, was later allowed to fall into ruin, and during the Protectorate practically the whole of the Palace, with the exception of the magnificent Banqueting Hall,



A MAGNIFICENT ROOF WHICH HAS DEFIED TIME, NEGLECT, WEATHER AND WARS: THE MASSIVE HAMMER-BEAM CHESTNUT ROOF IN THE GREAT HALL.



DAMAGED DURING WORLD WAR II. AND NOW UNDERGOING REPAIRS: THE HAMMER-BEAM ROOFING IN THE GREAT BANQUETING HALL.

built by Edward IV. in 1476, was demolished for building materials. To-day few traces of the Palace remain, and if a farmer had not used the hall as a barn that might also have been lost to posterity. Not many years ago it seemed that this last reminder of the ancient glory of Eltham would also disappear, but in 1933 Mr. Stephen Courtauld bought a 99-year lease of the Palace and grounds and under expert guidance restored the ancient hall. During the war the roof was damaged by incendiary bombs, but restoration work is being carried out by the Ministry of Works who are now responsible for the maintenance of the historic buildings.



I WISH I could illustrate these things in colour, if only to remind myself that china shops were once upon a time as gay as herbaceous borders, a phenomenon which we in these islands are in danger of forgetting. Men, I know, are made of sterner stuff, but any woman who reads this will nod her head and think of the occasions during the last ten years when she has bewailed her inability to brighten up the breakfast table with something other than export rejects of doubtful quality though less monastic rigour. Here are a few pieces which glow like jewels, made when brilliant colours on porcelain were taken as a matter of course in all countries and before we all became ham-strung by the monstrous complications of the modern world. They are all Sèvres, are exceedingly rare and will serve very well as an indication of the sort of thing which can still be found in odd corners, though to be sure to see such specimens in any quantity you have to spend some time at South Kensington or, better still, go to Paris and to Sèvres itself, where the factory is still flourishing, and find out for yourself how far £25 can be stretched.

The best people, anxious for our enlightenment, tell us that in looking at porcelain, form is everything and colour of no importance, whereas I hold that colour enlivens and enhances a good shape. If you can imagine these vases and plates without colour, you will possibly agree with me; they would be pleasant enough and probably please the wise men of the Board of Trade, but that is about all. First, then, what are these colours, which, together with other characteristics, made this factory known throughout the civilised world and still set a standard towards which so many men set out and so rarely reach?

The distinguishing style of nearly all Sèvres porcelain—I am not here concerned with figures—consists of painting in panels of various shapes on a coloured ground. First there is the dark under-glaze *gros-bleu*,



FIG. 1. WITH A PARTRIDGE-EYE BAND SURROUNDING THE UPPER PART: A SÈVRES FLOWER-POT. This piece is "an example of a simpler style, but particularly charming with its scattered sprays of pink roses and delicate harmonies of red, blue, green and gilt . . ."

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A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. PORCELAIN PIECES GLOWING LIKE JEWELS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

a rich, rather uneven and lively blue which gave place somewhere about 1760 to a more brilliant, smooth enamel colour known as *bleu-de-roi*, hard by comparison with its predecessor. The distinction is subtle and not to be gauged in a photograph—therefore I show here the *bleu-de-roi* only. Next came a turquoise (*bleu céleste*, which is the sort of name the Chinese might have thought of to describe something specially fine), and soon after that a yellow (*jaune jonquille*) and an apple-green. I suppose the most popular of all, after the *bleu-de-roi*, was the lovely pink which for some odd reason became known as *rose-du-Barry*. I believe this name is still familiar in the textile industry, but it seems to be a misnomer—the colour was originally called *rose Pompadour* as a compliment to that extravagant and exceedingly able woman. She died in 1764 and it was apparently used very little afterwards.

Another characteristic invention of the factory was the diaper

application and becoming humility it is possible to find one's way about. In another sense, it is one of the most dangerous of leisure occupations (and consequently all the more fun) and this for a very special reason. Most factories accumulate during the course of years quantities of undecorated pieces which for one reason or another have never been painted. Sèvres was no exception, but when evil days came upon it after the Revolution this accumulation was sold. Consequently very many models either slightly defective or out of fashion came into not very scrupulous hands both in France and England, and were enamelled with great skill, sometimes with such understanding as to deceive the very elect. An honest-to-goodness forgery is one thing—the addition of appropriate colours to a genuine plate can baffle an archangel. Faulty, niggling drawing can sometimes rouse suspicion, or strange marks, such as a date letter of, say, 1760, on a piece in a style of the 1780's, for it appears

that the enterprising nineteenth-century enameller was not always familiar with the system. But it is a difficult and complicated problem and anyone who attempts to solve it will soon discover that he will need an uncommonly well-disciplined eye.

The dating system? It is quite simple—a series of letters. A is 1753, Z 1777 (no W, of course). Then AA 1778 to PP 1793—after that the deluge, and various marks too complicated to reproduce here. There are also numerous painters', decorators' and gilders' marks, mostly initials, some, nearly of all the nineteenth century, complete signatures. I am looking at a lengthy list at this moment—nearly 350 names—and I don't suppose that is the complete story. The dates of all these people are known and consequently, provided the marks are authentic and not added later, one has an additional guide. For example, Fig. 2 here—the square flower-stand—bears the date letter for 1755 and the mark of the painter Carrier.

that the enterprising nineteenth-century enameller was not always familiar with the system. But it is a difficult and complicated problem and anyone who attempts to solve it will soon discover that he will need an uncommonly well-disciplined eye.

The dating system? It is quite simple—a series of letters. A is 1753, Z 1777 (no W, of course). Then AA 1778 to PP 1793—after that the deluge, and various marks too complicated to reproduce here. There are also numerous painters', decorators' and gilders' marks, mostly initials, some, nearly of all the nineteenth century, complete signatures. I am looking at a lengthy list at this moment—nearly 350 names—and I don't suppose that is the complete story. The dates of all these people are known and consequently, provided the marks are authentic and not added later, one has an additional guide. For example, Fig. 2 here—the square flower-stand—bears the date letter for 1755 and the mark of the painter Carrier (rather like the figure 5). The apple-green vase of Fig. 5 has the date letter of 1754 and the mark of J. P. Ledoux (like a crescent moon lying on its back).



FIG. 2. DECORATED WITH BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS IN GILT PANELS ON A *BLEU-DE-ROI* GROUND: A SQUARE SÈVRES FLOWER-STAND. This four-square Sèvres flower-stand with little egg-shaped finials bears the date letter for 1755 and the mark of the painter Carrier.



FIG. 3. DECORATED WITH BIRDS ON BRANCHES IN PANELS: A SÈVRES PLATE WITH A TURQUOISE-BLUE BACKGROUND. These Sèvres porcelain pieces "which glow like jewels" were made "when brilliant colours on porcelain were taken as a matter of course in all countries."

pattern, which is seen in Fig. 4, together with the series of small circles known as *œil de perdrix*, or partridge eye. The colour scheme is blue, pink, crimson and gilding, and the whole piece rests upon a broad band of *bleu-de-roi*. A trifle complicated for your taste, both in shape and decoration? Consider, then, Fig. 2—four-square, with little egg-shaped finials and painted with enchanting bouquets of flowers on a white background within an elaborate gilt panel—but the effect derives mainly from the contrast between these pink flowers in their panel and the splendour of the deep blue which surrounds them. A similar contrast, this time between paintings of birds and foliage and an apple-green ground, is to be seen in the vase of Fig. 5. The stand, like that of the vase in Fig. 4, is pierced and enlivened by small diaper-pattern panels, with more birds on branches. The plate of Fig. 3 is turquoise. This leaves Fig. 1 as an example of a simpler style, but particularly charming with its scattered sprays of pink roses and delicate harmonies of red, blue, green and gilt in the upper band of decoration.

In one sense the pursuit of nice Sèvres pieces, rare though they are, is almost easy, because the history of the manufacture is carefully documented, and the various marks are well-mapped; after a little



FIG. 4. WITH A *BLEU-DE-ROI* BAND ROUND THE BASE: A FAN-SHAPED VASE AND STAND.

The Sèvres *gros-bleu*, "a rich, rather uneven and lively blue which gave place somewhere about 1760 to a more brilliant, smooth enamel colour known as *bleu-de-roi*, hard by comparison with its predecessor."



FIG. 5. WITH BIRDS ON BRANCHES BY J. P. LEDOUX, 1754: AN APPLE-GREEN VASE AND STAND.

This vase and stand bears the mark of J. P. Ledoux, which resembles a crescent moon lying on its back, and the date letter of 1754.

Illustrations by courtesy of Sotheby's.



"LE PHARE DE PONT-AUDEMER"; BY EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1824-1898), WHO WAS THE FIRST TEACHER OF MONET AND WORKED WITH ISABEY AND TROYON. OIL ON CANVAS. SIGNED AND DATED '73. INSCRIBED PONT-AUDEMER. (16 by 26 ins.)

THE Marlborough Fine Art Galleries have again this year collected a number of important and interesting examples of the art of French Masters of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries to form the seventh in their annual series of exhibitions devoted to this great period in the history of French painting. The display, which opened on March 14, will continue until the end of April. It is a well-balanced show, ranging over a wide field. Delacroix, who may have been a natural son of Talleyrand, was born at the close of the eighteenth century and is the earliest artist represented. One of the two Delacroix paintings on view is reproduced on this page; the other is entitled "Tam O'Shanter" and was inspired by the Burns poem of that name. According to Escholier it was

[Continued below, centre.]

A LONDON EXHIBITION OF FRENCH MASTERS: GREAT ART OF THE 19TH AND 20TH CENTURIES.



"NORMANDY LANDSCAPE"; BY EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1824-1898), FAMOUS FOR HIS SCENES PAINTED ON THE CHANNEL AND NORTH SEA COASTS. OIL ON CANVAS. SIGNED AND DATED '75. (16 by 26 ins.) INSCRIBED JUILLET.



"L'AVEUGLE DE JÉRICO"; BY EUGÈNE DELACROIX (1798-1863). OIL ON CANVAS. BEARS THE SEAL "ED" (CACHET DE LA COMMISSION) ON THE REVERSE. FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF THE DUC DE CHARTRES. (18½ by 15 ins.)



"SCÈNE DES 'TRIBUNAUX'"; BY JEAN-LOUIS FORAIN (1852-1931). OIL ON CANVAS. SIGNED AND DATED 1912. FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF BURDELEY. (24 by 29 ins.)

"SELF-PORTRAIT"; BY EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917). PENCIL DRAWING. BEARS THE STAMP OF THE ATELIER ON THE REVERSE. FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF MME. JEANNE FEVRE. (11 by 7½ ins.)

Continued.
painted in 1825, the year in which the artist visited this country, for Mme. Dalton. Outstanding examples of French landscape painting, by such artists as Boudin, Courbet and Pissarro, are also on view, and visitors will be charmed by the delicacy and the grace of Berthe Morisot's "Jeune Femme au Parc." Renoir is represented by three sunlit landscapes with figures,

and the drawings on view include the Degas self-portrait we reproduce, several of Toulouse-Lautrec's brilliant sketches, and a drawing by Constantin Guys, who was war correspondent for *The Illustrated London News*, 1842-60. Contemporary artists, whose work is included, are Picasso, Braque and Utrillo, and four works by Forain are other important exhibits. Narcisse Virgile Diaz de la Peña, whose decorative painting of a group of Turkish women is reproduced on this page, was a painter of Spanish origin. An orphan, he lost a leg as a child and was sent to work in a china factory, where he met Jules Dupré and Cabat.



"FEMMES TURQUES"; BY NARCISSE VIRGILE DIAZ DE LA PEÑA (1807-1876), AN ARTIST OF SPANISH ORIGIN WHO LOST A LEG AS A CHILD AND WAS SENT TO WORK IN A CHINA FACTORY, WHERE HE MET DUPRÉ AND CABAT. OIL ON CANVAS. SIGNED. (9½ by 7 ins.)



"JEUNE FEMME AU PARC"; BY BERTHE MORISOT (1840-1895). MANET'S SISTER-IN-LAW. OIL ON CANVAS. SIGNED. (18 by 15 ins.)



HOW REVOLUTIONS OCCUR IN CUBA: A COUP D'ÉTAT—AND BUSINESS AS USUAL.



BEFORE THE COUP D'ÉTAT BY WHICH HE WAS DEPOSED : DR. CARLOS PRIO SOCARRAS (LEFT), ELECTED CUBAN PRESIDENT IN 1948, IN THE PALACE WITH UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.



AT A RALLY OF HIS SUPPORTERS NEAR CAMP COLUMBIA : GENERAL FULGENCIO BATISTÁ (SEATED AT THE TABLE, CENTRE, BETWEEN TWO WOMEN), THE EX-PRESIDENT WHO SEIZED POWER ON MARCH 10.

SURROUNDED BY SUPPORTERS : DR. CARLOS PRIO SOCARRAS (CENTRE, FACING CAMERA) BEFORE HE FLED FROM THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE.



CUBA'S EX-DICTATOR, WHO SEIZED POWER BY A SUCCESSFUL COUP D'ÉTAT AT THE REQUEST OF A MILITARY JUNTA : GENERAL FULGENCIO BATISTÁ WITH A GROUP OF CUBAN SOLDIERS.



THE REVOLUTION IN PROGRESS ON MARCH 10 : A TANK AND A LORRY WHICH CONTAINED ARMED TROOPS, OUTSIDE THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE, HAVANA.

The revolution in Cuba by which General Fulgencio Batista, a former dictator, and President from 1940 to 1944, seized power on March 10, was carried out at lightning speed, with the loss of only two lives; and is reported only to have interrupted business in the island for one day. General Batista, supported by the Army, seized command at Camp Columbia, Army Headquarters, early on March 10, and broadcast to the nation. One of his supporters took over Police H.Q., and tanks and lorry-loads of armed troops converged on the Presidential Palace, in Havana. Dr. Prío Socarrás, President since 1948, took refuge in the



RELEASED AFTER ARREST DURING THE REVOLT : DR. RAMÓN GRAU SAN MARTÍN, PRESIDENT FROM SEPT. 1933 TO JAN. 1934; AND FROM OCT. 1944 TO JUNE 1948.

Mexican Embassy, and on March 13 flew to Mexico. On arrival there he stated that he has not resigned, but has left Cuba "under pressure." On March 10, General Batista selected the members of his new Cabinet and they were sworn in on March 11. No provisional President was appointed and General Batista is directing the Government as Prime Minister. He states that his Government is to remain in power "so long as was necessary to establish normal conditions and to arrange for honest general elections." The reason for the revolt is stated to have been "because people could not put up with the existing state of affairs."

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A CAMERA RECORD OF RECENT EVENTS.



TRAGEDY ON THE GREAT BITTER LAKE IN THE CANAL ZONE: THE SAILING BOAT FROM WHICH TWO GUARDS OFFICERS LOST THEIR LIVES BEING PULLED ASHORE AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

Two Grenadier Guards officers, Lieutenant Evelyn Thomas Fitzherbert, twenty-three-year-old brother and heir of Lord Stafford, and Lieutenant D. L. Gregson, aged twenty-four, were drowned in a boating accident on March 9 on the Great Bitter Lake near Ismailia. A search party recovered the body of Lieutenant Fitzherbert.



DAMAGE NEAR A ROME LANDMARK: A SUBSIDIARY STONE STAIRCASE OF THE FAMOUS SPANISH STEPS, CALLED SAN SEBASTIANELLO, WHICH COLLAPSED RECENTLY. The staircase of San Sebastianello, known to Romans as the "Lovers'" stairs, collapsed on March 14, and all traffic from the Pincio along the top road at Trinita del Monti had to be diverted. The staircase is subsidiary of the famous Spanish Steps, now thought to be in danger.



FIVE WEEKS LATE: THE PROCLAMATION OF THE QUEEN'S ACCESSION OUTSIDE ELY CATHEDRAL ON MARCH 15: A FANFARE BEING SOUNDED DURING THE CEREMONY.

The proclamation of the Queen's Accession was read at Ely on March 15—five weeks late—after fifty-seven prominent citizens had signed a petition which was sent to the Ely Urban Council, expressing their grave dissatisfaction because the Proclamation had not been carried out in the city.



BEING USED TO TEST A NEW TYPE OF PARACHUTE AT HIGH ALTITUDES OVER BRITAIN: "CLARENCE," A DUMMY PARACHUTIST MADE OF RUBBER.

Rubber dummies, each costing about £150, are being used to test a new type of parachute at high altitudes over Britain. They have been made to simulate the actions of an unconscious man, and are being ejected from high-speed aircraft.

OLD AND NEW, LAND AND AIR: RESTORATIONS, AN EXHIBITION, AND AERONAUTICAL ITEMS.



A BEAUTIFUL OLD TIMBER BUILDING IN OXFORD RECENTLY SAVED FROM DESTRUCTION: THE HOUSE AT THE CORNER OF SHIP STREET, DATING FROM C. 1450.

One of Oxford's old timber buildings, 28, Cornmarket Street, at the corner of Ship Street, has been restored, and has now recaptured its ancient beauty. A nondescript shop-front had been inserted in the north and west fronts, the roof hipped back, stripped of its stone and covered with slate. The timbering was plastered over and it was only when a defect in this provoked official notice that restoration was decided on; and begun in April, 1950. The fine angle-post is now exposed, and Mr. Thomas Rayson, architect for the restoration, has designed new shop-fronts. (Photo by Oxford Photocrafts.)



THE DISCOVERY OF THE MEDIEVAL CRYPT OF ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH, FLEET STREET: THE VICAR, THE REV. C. M. ARMITAGE, EXAMINING THE RIBBED VAULTING OF CLUNCH-LINE STONE. After removing stone slabs covering a staircase, workmen engaged on excavations at St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, on March 13 found that it led to the north end of the crypt of the church destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. Mr. W. F. Grimes, director of the London Museum, who is supervising the work, states that the latest discovery identifies the crypt, and probably the two walls already found, as belonging to the mediæval church



A SCENE OF FAIRY-LIKE BEAUTY: A NIGHT VIEW OF THE COLOMBO EXHIBITION, LOOKING DOWN THE ROYAL AVENUE, SHOWING THE TREES LIT WITH ELECTRIC BULBS OF EVERY HUE. The Colombo Exhibition, Ceylon, covers 40 acres, and at night presents a view of fairy-like beauty, with the trees illuminated with electric globes of every colour. Pools and fountains adorn the centre of the Royal Avenue, on either side of which are ranged the National Pavilions.



WHERE AN R.A.F. JUNGLE RESCUE TEAM MADE A RECENT NIGHT ASCENT: THE SAVAGE ROCKY GRANDEUR OF ADAM'S PEAK, WHICH RISES TO 7360 FT. FROM THE CEYLON JUNGLES. Like most Far East Air Force stations, Negombo, 25 miles north of Colombo in Ceylon, has its Jungle Rescue team. This all-volunteer team recently carried out a most exacting exercise, when three officers and twelve airmen made a night ascent of Adam's Peak. After arriving eight miles from the Peak after dark, in two hours they climbed 1000 ft. in 5½ miles; in the second stage they travelled by narrow paths on slippery mountainside; the third stage, which took 2 hrs. 20 mins., was part in jungle, part on naked rock.



(LEFT.) A NEW TYPE OF R.A.F. "CRASH-PROOF" SEAT, WHOSE USE WAS DEMONSTRATED IN A RECENT DISASTER WHEN A NAVIGATOR'S LIFE WAS SAVED WHEN AN AIRCRAFT CRASHED NEAR LINCOLN.

When an R.A.F. training aircraft crashed at Swindon, near Lincoln, on March 12, the crew of three R.A.F. sergeants were killed, but the navigator, Sergeant A. C. Wilson-Pepper, escaped unhurt and was able to climb out as the aircraft caught fire. The preservation of his life has been ascribed to a new type of rear-facing crash-proof seat, in which he is reported to have braced himself when the aircraft overshot the runway before crashing.

(RIGHT.) THE INTERIOR OF THE CRASHED AIRCRAFT, SHOWING (CENTRE) THE REAR-FACING "CRASH-PROOF" SEAT IN WHICH THE LIFE OF THE NAVIGATOR WAS PRESERVED.





A MEET AT TEMPLE BAR: HOUNDS SEEN MOVING OFF TO DRAW THE FIRST COVERT WHEN THE ENFIELD CHACE FOXHOUNDS MET THERE ON MARCH 15.

The Enfield Chace foxhounds met at Temple Bar, Theobalds Park, Enfield, on March 15. Discussions about the possible return of Temple Bar to London and the site it might occupy are still being carried on. It has been at the entrance to Theobalds Park since 1888.



AFTER THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE NEW ABBOT AT THE BENEDICTINE ABBEY AT FORT AUGUSTUS: A GROUP WHICH INCLUDES THE ENTIRE ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY OF SCOTLAND AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED PRELATES, ABBOTS AND CLERGY.



EXHIBITED AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM IN LONDON: PLASTER CASTS OF THE OLDEST HUMAN FOOTPRINTS YET DISCOVERED BEING EXPLAINED BY DR. K. P. OAKLEY (RIGHT).

Plaster casts of the oldest human footprints yet discovered are being exhibited at the Natural History Museum. They show the broad foot of a Neanderthal man—a hunter of 50,000 to 100,000 years ago. An article and illustrations on this subject appeared in our issue of March 1.

SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL: CEREMONIES, A HUNT MEETING, FOOTPRINTS AND FASHIONS.



BLESSING THE MOTOR-CARS IN ROME: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ANNUAL CEREMONY WHICH TAKES PLACE AT THE COLOSSEUM SQUARE.

The annual blessing of motor-cars in honour of the feast of St. Francis of Rome took place on March 11. Our photograph shows the vehicles, which even included fire-escapes, parked in front of the Colosseum, for the blessing which was given by Archbishop Cicali.



LYING PROSTRATE BEFORE THE ALTAR DURING THE IMPRESSIVE ENTHRONEMENT CEREMONY ON MARCH 12: THE RT. REV. J. O. EAVES, THE NEW ABBOT OF FORT AUGUSTUS.

An impressive ceremony took place in the Benedictine Abbey at Fort Augustus, Scotland, on March 12, when the new Abbot, the Rt. Rev. John Oswald Eaves, O.S.B., was solemnly blessed and enthroned. Not since the famous Synod at Fort Augustus in 1888 have the Scots bishops gone to Fort Augustus in such full assembly. The Abbot is the fifth since the Abbey's foundation. At forty-two years of age he is the youngest ever to be elected there.



WEARING THE "BECOMING NEW GREEN UNIFORM": TWO MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S ROYAL ARMY CORPS WHO TOOK PART IN A RECENT LONDON SAVINGS CAMPAIGN.

Mr. Anthony Head, the War Minister, told the House recently that the "becoming new green uniform" of the W.R.A.C. was perhaps responsible for many of the girls leaving to get married. He was referring to the walking-out dress of the officers. The "other ranks" are still waiting for the new uniform.

NELSON RELICS IN ANTIGUA—WHICH CALL FOR PROMPT PRESERVATION.



BUILT AS A SHORE RESIDENCE FOR PRINCE WILLIAM, DUKE OF CLARENCE, AFTERWARDS WILLIAM IV., WHEN CAPTAIN OF PEGASUS: CLARENCE HOUSE, NOW BADLY DAMAGED.

A Caribbean regatta was organised at Antigua in mid-March by the Society of Friends of English Harbour as part of an effort to raise funds to restore the dockyard where Nelson commanded from 1784 to 1786. Ceremonies were to take place in Nelson's House and Clarence House, and the Governor of the Leeward Islands hopes to establish a branch of the Society in England. On these pages we publish recently-taken photographs and an article describing them by Iris Darnton, who wrote in 1951 as follows:



SHOWING THE STATE OF DISREPAIR—HALF-OPEN DOORS, THEIR SLATS BROKEN: A VIEW OF THE ADMIRAL'S HOUSE, WITH THE BATTERED WOODEN BUST OF NELSON VISIBLE.

THE island of Antigua, a British possession for over 300 years, was considered of such importance in the eighteenth century, as a bastion against the French in the West Indies, that it was more heavily fortified in proportion to its size than possibly any other place in the world. These fortifications, now in ruins, are

[Continued below.]



INSCRIBED "NELSON LIVED HERE WHEN CAPTAIN OF H.M.S. BOREAS AND ACTING AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE LEeward ISLANDS STATION, 1786": A BRONZE PLAQUE.

Continued.]

main water supply: for Antigua's rainfall is uncertain and the island suffers from periods of drought. This catchment is what one might term a human document, for its low walls are like a huge autograph album, being covered with hundreds of names of eighteenth-century sailors, complete in many cases with their home towns, their ships, and the dates they were stationed in Antigua. Nelson's ship, H.M.S. *Boreas*, is among them, together with the names of some of his sailors, but Nelson's own name, previously to be seen, has now been obliterated. As soon as one passes through the old wooden entrance gates into the Dockyard itself, one is horrified by the ruinous condition of most of the buildings, for last year (1950) Antigua was struck by two severe hurricanes within a fortnight which demolished entire walls and tore gaping holes in many of the shingled roofs—and for lack of funds nothing has been done to repair the damage. The centre of interest, the Admiral's House, where Nelson lived, lying as it does behind the other buildings, has fortunately been protected to a great extent. It is a simple, verandahed building, with shallow stone steps leading to the front door. As one climbs the steps one is confronted by a wooden bust of Nelson, his face so worn and battered that it has the appearance of some ghastly, mummified

corpse, while below is a bronze plaque giving the date of his residence, 1786. When I visited the house last spring, the place was

[Continued above, right.]



USED FOR HAULING OVER THE SHIPS FOR CAREENING IN NELSON'S DAY: TWO OF THE GIANT CAPSTANS, LIKE MONSTROUS SPIDERS, AT ENGLISH HARBOUR.

Continued.] particularly in evidence on the hills around English Harbour, in the south of the island, for here was the important Naval Dockyard, now famous for its association with

[Continued above, centre.]

Nelson. From one of these hills, known as Shirley Heights, a wonderful *coup d'œil* of the neighbourhood may be obtained. Here, standing on a high bluff, its bush-covered slopes half-hiding the ruined walls of barracks, officers' quarters, etc., and with the sea and the narrow entrance to English Harbour on the left, one sees first Fort Berkeley and then, in the middle distance, on its low promontory, the Naval Dockyard. Beyond the Dockyard one can just discern, like a white scar on the green hillside, the large cement water catchment, with storage tanks beneath, which formed the Dockyard's

[Continued below.]



WHERE NELSON LIVED FROM AUGUST, 1786-87: THE ADMIRAL'S HOUSE, ANTIGUA, A SIMPLE BUILDING, WITH A VERANDAH AND SHALLOW STONE STEPS TO THE FRONT DOOR.

Continued.] deserted, apart from some Negro children tumbling about the steps. The caretaker was away and the doors, their slats broken and with chains trailing from their handles, stood half-open, while inside, a sewing machine, a broken chair, and a few rusty tins were now the sole occupants of what had evidently been Nelson's drawing-room. Of the five or six bedrooms which comprise the upper storey, none are furnished, although there are some old tables

[Continued below.]



NOW EMPTY OF SHIPPING APART FROM A PRIVATE YACHT OR TWO, WITH A HUGE ANCHOR JUTTING INTO THE SKY: THE DESERTED QUAYSIDE—ONCE AN IMPORTANT DOCKYARD.

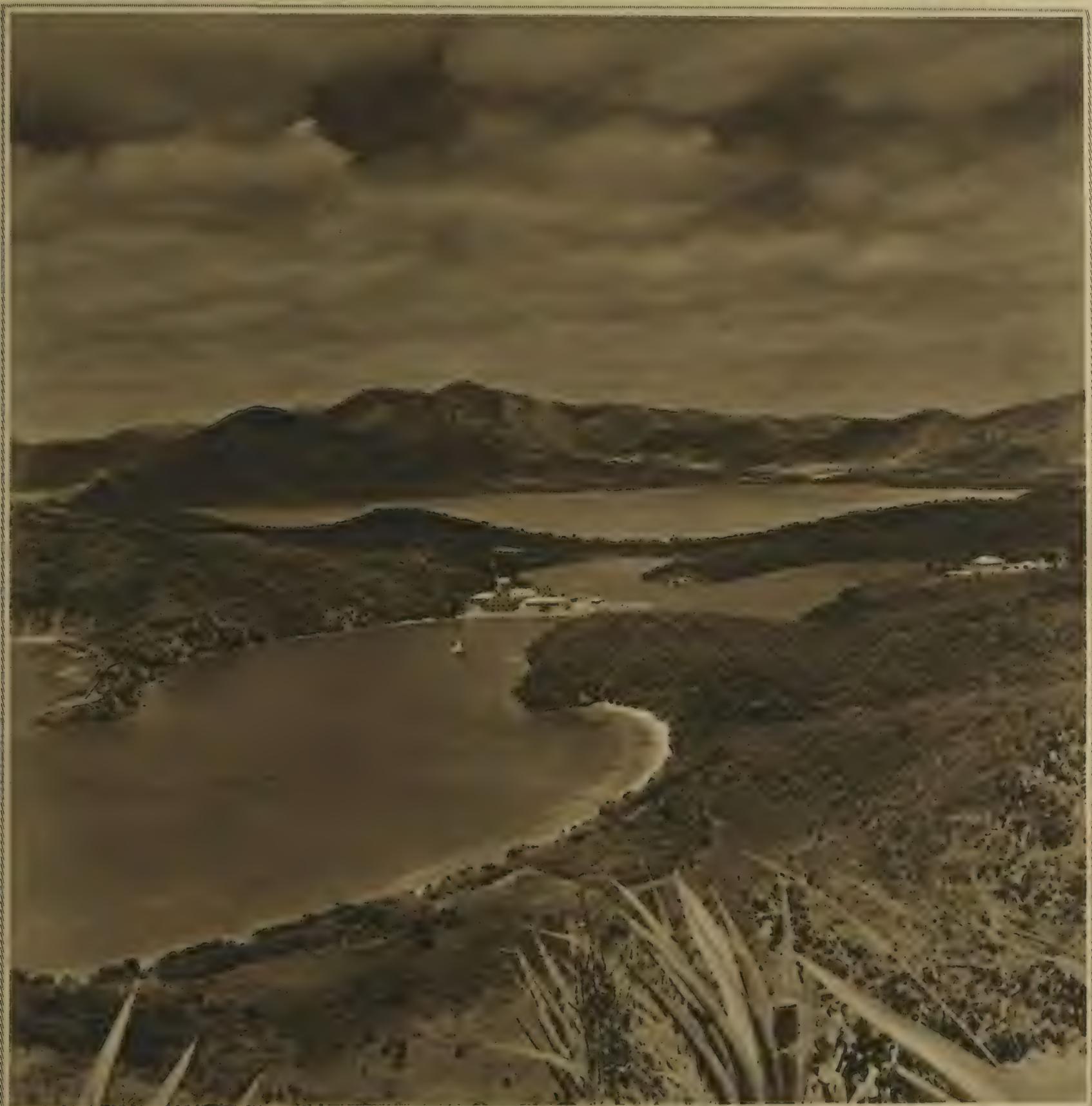
Continued.] and chairs and four-poster beds placed here and there. In the room Nelson occupied there is quite a fine bedstead, its posts topped with four carved pineapples—the emblem of the Leeward Islands. The furniture which originally belonged to the house and was used by Nelson and the other early occupants, was the property of the

[Continued opposite.]



STILL SURVIVING NEAR THE BACK OF THE ADMIRAL'S HOUSE: AN ANCIENT "SANDBOX" TREE.

ONCE A DÉPÔT UNDER NELSON'S COMMAND: ANTIGUA'S ENGLISH HARBOUR.



FAMOUS FOR ITS ASSOCIATION WITH NELSON, WHO AS CAPTAIN OF *BOREAS* AND ACTING C.-IN-C., THE LEeward ISLANDS, LIVED IN ANTIGUA IN 1786-87: A VIEW OF THE NOW DESERTED DOCKYARD ON ITS LOW PROMONTORY. FORT BERKELEY LIES TO THE LEFT.

Continued.

Admiralty. It was sold when the Dockyard was closed, so that the pieces which now stand about the bedrooms, although of the correct period and bought in Antigua, cannot be definitely identified with the original furniture, Nelson's bed being the possible exception. Near the back of the house an ancient "sandbox" tree still survives, which was almost certainly there in Nelson's day. The seed-pods were used in the West Indies as containers for the sand which was then sprinkled over letters and documents. As one walks towards the deserted quayside, now empty of shipping, apart from one or two private yachts, one passes on one's right a long, low, verandahed building, approached by a double flight of stone steps, which was formerly the officers' quarters. The stone-walled lower half is actually a huge cistern for storing water, which was conveyed by pipes direct to the ships moored alongside the quay. Giant capstans line the water's edge, these having been used for hauling over the ships for careening. Across the water and looking down on the Dockyard is Clarence House. This was built as a shore residence for Prince William, Duke of Clarence, the future William the Fourth, when he joined the squadron under Nelson, as captain of H.M.S. *Pegasus*. He was later best man at Nelson's wedding on Nevis to the "Widow Nesbit" in 1787. Clarence House has also been damaged by the hurricanes, part of the roof having been stripped right off. Unless these walls and roofs are soon repaired, this unique spot will, in a few years, be only a memory.



SEEN FROM CLARENCE HOUSE, BUILT AS A SHORE RESIDENCE FOR PRINCE WILLIAM, DUKE OF CLARENCE, AFTERWARDS WILLIAM IV: THE DOCKYARD, ENGLISH HARBOUR, ANTIGUA. AN ARROW ON THE WOODED HILLCREST IN THE BACKGROUND MARKS THE SPOT BELOW WHICH STANDS THE ADMIRAL'S HOUSE.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

PLAY AND DISPLACEMENT ACTIVITIES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT was one of those rare days in the London Zoo when there were few people to be seen apart from the keepers. The otters had recently been transferred to a new home. It may have been these circumstances that contributed to their behaviour. I found them side by side on the bank facing me, and just as I looked intently at them so they regarded me with a fixed stare. But whereas I know that I was examining them to learn more about how they were built, it was not possible to know precisely why they looked at me with such concentration. One can only record what one saw, with little hope of knowing what was going on inside that pair of brains. At all events, they looked hard at me for quite a while, then each turned its head to the other and started to lick the other's face. This lasted for a few seconds only, after which both heads swung in my direction and again they returned my gaze. After a while, they again turned to each other and started to play. This lasted but a brief while, and the two otters separated and came forward for a closer inspection. So it went on: long periods of staring at me, broken by short periods of play, face-licking or retreat to the kennel, only to poke their heads out of the kennel door to stare once again. One striking thing was the completely simultaneous nature of their actions, carried out as if the two were acting upon words of command or by previous agreement between themselves. They

his nest the more pugnacious he becomes; the farther away the less pugnacious. If his territory is wide, he is more inclined to flee if attacked when on the boundary.

An experimenter constructed a wooden model of a male stickleback and attached it to a stiff wire handle. He held this in the water of an aquarium, in which a live stickleback had its nest, near the boundary of the territory, and when the live fish came near, the model was manipulated in aggressive display, with such vigour as to cause the real fish to retreat towards its nest. As it was driven back nearer and nearer the nest, the impulse to flee lessened and the impulse to attack, in defence of the nest, mounted. In the course of the proceedings there came a point when the urge to flee and the impulse to attack were evenly balanced, and at this point the fish did neither of these things, but went through the motions of feeding, just as if real food were present and as if there were no potential rival there. This false-feeding was a displacement activity, a sham reaction that released pent-up energy which, because the appropriate channels were in equilibrium, could not be released in purposive action.

Biologically speaking, therefore, displacement activities contribute nothing to a situation and are inappropriate to it. They often look like actions performed as if by mistake. They arise when the appropriate actions are inhibited or hindered for any reason, and when the stimulating mechanism is, so to speak, shunted to another track. In birds generally we see what have been called mock-preening, mock-feeding, mock-drinking and so on, and these occur especially in

moments of high emotion, as when fighting for a territory, or during courtship. Similar actions have been recorded for other animals, but they have been less extensively studied, largely because they are less readily apparent.

Although behaviour is, for purposes of study, broken down into its components, it would be wrong



LEARNING TO USE THEIR MUSCLES AND SENSES: YOUNG SYRIAN BEARS AT THE LONDON ZOO ENJOYING A PLAYFUL ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE AND OBLIVIOUS OF THE CAMERA.

Play is most frequent in young animals but is often indulged in by adults. In the young it teaches the use of muscles and senses but seems to derive primarily from a displacement activity, when excess energy is shunted into non-purposive channels.

to suppose that these components can be definitely separated. They are individuations of a total behaviour pattern and merge insensibly the one into the other. It is only for the sake of convenience that we separate them and label them. My interpretation of the behaviour of the two otters as I stood motionless watching them was that for reasons best known to them my presence inhibited purposive—that is to say, normal—activity. It would appear that they were undecided for most of the time whether to come towards me for a closer inspection or retreat to their kennel. Sometimes they did the one, sometimes the other, but at other moments the two urges were evenly balanced and it was then that they indulged in licking or playing. Had one otter only been present there might have been mock-licking and mock-playing, and the significance of it would probably have escaped me.

If my interpretation of this incident be correct, then play can be a displacement activity, under certain circumstances, and judging from wider considerations pure play can in all its forms be regarded as an extension of a displacement activity. It can, of course, merge into purposive action, and in human beings we see play organised and canalised and often made into a grim and earnest purpose, when it is no longer pure play. Nevertheless, whether in its purer form or in the more organised and purposive form, its origin is displacement. Usually the inhibition is caused by an accumulation of fatigue products in one set of muscles counterbalancing the urge to continue a set or circumscribed line of activity. At such moments, we say that we relax. Rather, we shunt the energy into the performance of an inappropriate set of actions. In other words, we do something different, not caring very much what it is, provided a different set of muscles is brought into action, allowing time for the products of fatigue to disperse in those muscles previously employed.

Although play may be primarily a displacement activity it nevertheless assumes biologically a function. In young animals, even in older animals, it is a means of learning how to live. Through it the more efficient use of muscles and senses can be developed. On the other hand, and especially in human beings, where displacement activity is not only inappropriate to the situation but acts against the laws of society or the personal convenience of the individual, it becomes crime, delinquency or mere naughtiness, according to its degree. But that, as they say, is another story.



"I FOUND THEM SIDE BY SIDE ON THE BANK FACING ME, AND JUST AS I LOOKED INTENTLY AT THEM SO THEY REGARDED ME WITH A FIXED STARE": OTTERS IN THE LONDON ZOO SHOWING INDECISION AND, PERHAPS, SOME EMBARRASSMENT. In an unnatural environment, under the stare of visitors, there are times when animals' emotions are evenly divided between the desire to flee and the desire to inspect the spectators. At such moments of indecision they may indulge in mock playing, which the animal psychologists have labelled a displacement activity.

stared, and they played, but the play had throughout an air of embarrassment.

The analysis of animal behaviour has made rapid strides in the last twenty years. It has been broken down into its component parts, and each of these has received an appropriate label, so that we may describe movements as appetitive behaviour, flight reactions, symbolic activities, intention movements, and so on. So far as one can see, it is all very satisfactory, but the most satisfying sub-division is that labelled as displacement activities, simply because it explains movements or behaviour otherwise incomprehensible. Familiar examples of displacement activity in human beings include such trivial things as biting the nails or scratching the head in moments of bewilderment. The best example I have come across is in a description of the behaviour in nesting fishes. Thus, the three-spined stickleback constructs a nest among the stems of water-plants, and later persuades a female stickleback to enter it and lay her eggs. In the meantime he takes possession of the surrounding water, adopting it as his "territory" and by aggressive display, if not actual combat, prevents other male sticklebacks from intruding on it. Experimental test and straightforward observation have established that, in sticklebacks and in other nesting fishes, the nearer the male is to



PLAY—OR A DISPLACEMENT ACTIVITY? OTTERS ENGAGING IN A MOCK FIGHT AFTER STARING AT A VISITOR AT THE LONDON ZOO.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

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SPORTING EVENTS AND NEWS ITEMS: A VARIED PICTORIAL MISCELLANY.



THE UNIVERSITY SPORTS AT THE WHITE CITY : C. J. CHATAWAY (OXFORD) AND J. H. SCOTT-WILSON (OXFORD ; RIGHT) DEAD-HEATING IN THE THREE MILES, WITH 14 MINS. 33'8 SECS. EACH.

Oxford beat Cambridge in the University sports at the White City on March 15 by 68 points to 58. In the mile, C. J. Chataway (Sherborne and Magdalen; Oxford) set up a University record by winning from P. J. Robinson (King's College, Taunton, and Emmanuel; Cambridge) in 4 mins. 10'2 secs., which broke R. G. Bannister's previous University match record, by 4'6 secs. Chataway dead-heated with J. H. Scott-Wilson (Sutton Valance and Magdalen; Oxford) in the three miles. He is the first runner since 1890 to have achieved the double

THE BEST EVENT OF THE DAY AT THE UNIVERSITY SPORTS : C. J. CHATAWAY (OXFORD) WINNING THE MILE IN 4 MINS. 10'2 SECS., WHICH SET UP A UNIVERSITY MATCH RECORD.

in the mile and the three-mile.



BEATING HER OWN TIME FOR THE 100 YARDS : MISS MARJORIE JACKSON, AUSTRALIAN HOLDER OF THE WOMEN'S WORLD RECORD, FINISHING IN 10'4 SECS. Miss Marjorie Jackson, holder of the women's 100-yard record in 10'7 secs., shattered her own record in the final of the New South Wales Athletic Championship by coming in in 10'4 secs. The run was made at Sydney Sports Ground on March 8.



THE UNIVERSITY SPORTS AT THE WHITE CITY : A. J. BURGER (STELLENBOSCH, SOUTH AFRICA, AND HERTFORD ; OXFORD) WINNING THE POLE VAULT FOR OXFORD, CLEARING 13 FT. 1 IN. WHICH BROKE HIS OWN RECORD.



AN UNUSUAL VISITOR TO THE MANSION HOUSE : THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, SIR LESLIE BOYCE, RECEIVING THE KANGAROO MARY, WHO IS BEING TAKEN ON A "COURTESY TOUR." Mr. Ken Reed, of Wallaroo, South Australia, has brought four kangaroos to this country. Mary, aged three, and one of the tamest kangaroos ever known, is being taken on a "courtesy tour" for presentation to prominent Australians in this country. The Lord Mayor, Sir Leslie Boyce, who is Australian by birth, received her at the Mansion House, where she conducted herself with great *savoir faire*.



WOUNDED WHEN ON DUTY, CHASING AN ARMED SUSPECT : RAJAH, AN ALSATIAN POLICE DOG. Rajah, a two-year-old Alsatian police dog, was shot and wounded when chasing an armed man believed to have broken into a house in Myrmans Drive, Brookman's Park. The dog's handler, P.C. E. Pugh, tackled the fugitive, but he got free and escaped.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S FIRST TRIP IN A JET AIRLINER : HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WITH (L.) GROUP CAPT. J. CUNNINGHAM. The Duke of Edinburgh had his first flight in a jet aircraft on March 13, when he flew for over an hour in a de Havilland Comet Series 1 airliner, piloted by Group Captain John Cunningham, chief test pilot of the de Havilland Company. The aircraft took off at Hatfield, turned east at Bournemouth and flew along the South coast to Brighton, returning by Chelmsford.



OBLIGED TO CURTAIL HIS U.S. CONCERT TOUR ON ACCOUNT OF SCIATICA : SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, WITH LADY BEECHAM. Sir Thomas and Lady Beecham returned to this country from New York by air on March 14. Sir Thomas had been compelled to curtail his concert tour in America on account of an attack of sciatica. He walked out of the aircraft, but was wheeled across the tarmac in a bath-chair.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

SOME books, though fully present to the mind, or just on that account, are rather hard to start writing of. There seems no angle of approach—only a smooth, evasive rondu, an entire effect which ought not to be broken down. "In Vallombrosa," by David Mathew (Collins; 10s. 6d.), has this defeating quality and smoothness. Of course, one could go round about. The theme is eminently simple, and the genre familiar—and rather questionable in itself, and slightly vulgarised by fashion. One could deal with those, and make a plausible and fluent job. Only it would in fact be cheating.

This is a story of "autumnal marriage" between two expatriates. Mr. Tremayne has had the luck. He is a limp, incorrigible failure, very well born. Two ancient houses and traditions have reared this melancholy throw-out. He made a botch of his career. His modest income has evaporated, to the last drop. He is alone in life, and was about to starve when Mrs. Hardesty collected him. Three days before the wedding, and a few days after—that is the scheme of action.

The people come out of a hat. Neither the bridegroom nor his wealthy widow has a single intimate. But he has Captain Bromage of the Navy as a best man; while she has English protégées in Florence, an English lawyer, an Italian agent, a princely neighbour on the make. . . . And others drift into the pattern, by remoter chance: each with his world of memory, his near connections—who thus in turn, and whether visible or not, become a part of things. Tremayne is at the centre of a ripple, which expands indefinitely.

And so, of course, it is a surface movement. That is the weakness of the genre, and its appeal to craftsmen: it can sustain one's interest on the cheap. But for Archbishop Mathew it has other uses. His aim is breadth. His outer circles may be shallow, but they spread far; they are the motions of a dying culture, of a world-predicament. In this broad view, types are as meaningful as individuals; and these present a sum of culture and of worldly knowledge which is rare indeed. Then they are blandly, beautifully drawn; they misconceive each other with enchanting irony. I should be glad to give examples, but there is no time; for I have not yet reached the core, the element of depth.

"Mrs. Hardesty has asked for 'Lead Kindly Light,'" Bromage remarks in the first sentence: which, when we understand about the marriage, is profoundly comic. But in the end it goes much deeper than the comic. Tremayne has been ensnared by comfort; he is like a mouse in a trap. Yet this poor mouse, feeble himself, and drawn instinctively to the oppressed and feeble, is above the world. He is so far from lucky in his bride that he can hardly speak to her. Not out of smugness—but he *can't*; he is too helplessly remote and ill. It seems impossible that they should marry, and in either case he seems a lost man. But for the Christian soul there is a road to peace. And so the threnody for a declining West becomes a moving requiem.

"The Levantine," by John Sykes (Werner Laurie; 10s. 6d.), deals with a minor pocket of futility in the surrounding flux. Here everyone is an expatriate; at least they still pretend to feel at home in Europe. But that is just a counter in the game, the endless tournament of all against all.

Dino was once their arbiter of style. Now he is getting on; and, what is worse, Elvira is ascendant. The world expected them to marry, on her husband's death; instead, he broke with her, and now they are embittered rivals. Still he frequents her salon, waiting for the crash—for one day she is bound to crash. And there is nowhere else to go; and he is still in love with her. Though this he would deny with fury. Others can see they have remained a pair, but Dino hankers for a fresh start.

For he is not pure vanity and spite. He can appreciate Jim Barr, the bird of passage, who has something to do; and that not merely for his art, but for his way of living. He has an old, protective kindness for Elvira's daughter—so young, so wretched in her mother's house, so passionately insecure. When Jim and Katie become friends, he is a trifle cross; but the report that she will marry Gigi is beyond endurance. Gigi, that gilded youth, his monkey-like successor! No—why not marry her himself. That would be starting fresh; and it would show Elvira. . . .

Katie has worshipped him for years. If she had any knowledge of the past, it has been buried deep. And now she looks upon him as a refuge in a hostile world. Katie is brilliantly imagined. And the whole book—rather too analytical and abstract, and emerging slowly—becomes more gripping and effective as it goes on.

"The Rebellion of the Hanged," by B. Traven (Robert Hale; 10s. 6d.), is the ghastly work of an enormously successful writer, who is also a mystery. He writes in Spanish, and his agent is a Mexican, and he is never seen. And for the squeamish, one example of him will be more than plenty. This is a story of South Mexico in 1910, and it is drawn from life. Indians decoyed into a lumber-camp were slaves, and they were ruled by torture. First we are shown the process of decoy, and then the horrors. And when the slaves rise up in desperation and avenge their wrongs, there is a second flowering of atrocity. The author dares us to reproach them with it. Nobody could; but to approve their actions in the name of "justice and harmony"—that is another thing. He has a savage loathing of oppression, a ferocious humour; and though the tale is crudely executed, it is forceful enough.

John Rhode provides a soothing change. We can expect him to be workmanlike and sober, if a little dull. But "Death in Wellington Road" (Geoffrey Bles; 10s. 6d.) has less stolidity than usual. The scene is Fairbay, and the cause of death seems to be gas poisoning. The victim's housekeeper has gone; she is the only suspect, so the only problem is to catch up with her. But when the net has closed, it seems to Jimmy Waggoner that she may be innocent. And so he starts again—with reserved encouragement from Dr. Priestley, who urges him to find the motive. This will be obvious to the "reviewer of detective fiction," as Jimmy says in the last chapter. But his honest doubt, and the first glimmer and emergence of the real method, keep one going nicely.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

DEVILS AND DIFFICULTIES.

A BOUT twenty years ago, Mr. Arnold Lunn, the well-known Alpinist and skier, and Father Ronald Knox (as Monsignor Ronald Knox then was) started a correspondence on the Roman Catholic religion. Mr. Lunn was then an Anglican. Their correspondence was published under the title of "Difficulties" (republished with an Epilogue) (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 18s.). It made excellent reading then, and it makes even better reading now, when the positive threat to religion generally is so much more obvious than the mere negative threat of indifference was in the late 'twenties and early 'thirties. The contestants were evenly matched, and what a pair of champions they are! I can only liken it to a game of ping-pong. (I refuse to call it table-tennis.) Lunn (an aggressive type) serves first. It is a deceptive serve, with a bit of a cut on it, beginning with the words: "The *a priori* case for the Roman Catholic Church has always seemed to me quite plausible." But Knox is ready for him and comes back with what one might describe as a backhand smash. Lunn manages to get it up, however, and, indeed, in the rally which follows puts Knox on the defensive over the shortcomings of the mediæval Popes, and to my mind wins it with an overhead smash on Indulgences copied from the style of an earlier champion of the name of Luther. He presses his advantage strongly over the mediæval conception of hell and the tortures of the damned, and Knox only retrieves the situation with a net-cord shot which just trickles over the net. And so they go at it, with the advantage first inclining to one champion and then to the other. In the original book, so stern was the tussle that the contestants agreed to abandon the game and call it a draw. To abandon, too, this somewhat flippant metaphor the correspondence had one remarkable result. Evidently Mgr. Knox won. For, two years after the end of the original correspondence, he received Mr. Lunn into the Roman Catholic Church. The book is brilliantly written, as one would expect from two contestants, each possessed of so clear a style and so lively a pen. For my part I must confess that at the end of it all I find, in spite of Mgr. Knox's persuasiveness, that some of the difficulties raised by the Anglican Mr. Lunn are insuperable. Nevertheless, anyone who is interested in lively theological controversy, conducted in a way and in a language which anyone can understand, will find this book interesting.

Here 1. $Kt \times BPch$ looks promising, for if 1. . . . $Kt \times Kt$ in reply, 2. $R-Q8$ is a pretty mate.

But after 1. . . . $Q \times Kt$ instead of 1. . . . $Kt \times Kt$, though White can still play 2. $R-Q8ch$ (do you see why?*), Black can escape by 2. . . . $K-B2$.

The "Resign, please!" move is 1. $Kt-Q8!$

This threatens 2. $Kt \times Q$, also 2. $Kt \times Kt$ followed by 3. $Kt \times BPch$ which would be mate if Black recaptured 2. . . . $B \times Kt$ or would win the queen if 2. . . . $Q \times Kt$.

If 1. . . . $Kt \times Kt$; 2. $Kt \times Pch$ leaves Black forced to give up his queen by 2. . . . $Q \times Kt$ to avoid mate.

If 1. . . . $K \times Kt$; 2. $Kt \times BPdis ch$, $Kt-Q5$; 3. $Kt-K6$ dbl ch, $K-Q2$; 4. $Q-Q8ch$, $K \times Kt$; 5. $Q-Q6$ mate.

Black might try 1. . . . $Q-Ktr$ but 2. $Kt \times Kt$ followed by $Kt \times Pch$ is again killing.



Black played here 1. . . . $Kt(B3)-Q5!$ 2. $P \times Kt$, $Kt \times P$.

Now, if 3. $Q-R5$, $B-Kt5$; if 3. $Q-B1$, 3. $Q-K1$ or 3. $Q \times KP$ the answer would be 3. . . . $Kt-B6ch$. So White has only 3. $Q-K3$ or 3. $Q-Q3$ left; and if the latter, 3. . . . $B-Kt5$ threatens 4. $Kt-B6ch$ winning the queen.

He chose 3. $Q-K3$ and the game wound up 3. . . . $P-KB5!$ 4. $P \times P$ (or 4. $Q-K4$, $B-B4!$), $P \times P$; 5. $Kt \times P$, $R \times Kt!$ 6. $B-KKt2$ (not 6. $Q \times R?$ $Kt-K7$ mate!), $B \times B$; 7. $K \times B$, $Q-Q5ch$; 25. $P-B3$, $R \times P$ and White resigned.

* 2. . . . $Kt \times R$; 3. $Q \times Q$ or 2. . . . $Q \times R$; 3. $Kt \times Q$.

the wicked in the hellish scenes in the right-hand volet, there is not, as is usual in mediæval portrayals of this sort, any punishment for the sinner in the sexual sense. This beautifully illustrated book is one of the most interesting curiosities of artistic criticism which I have encountered.

As Mr. Angus Wilson, in "Emile Zola" (Secker and Warburg; 10s. 6d.), points out, the Adamite principle of the innocent natural love-making of the very young is the central theme of one of Zola's books, "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret." This excellent little life and analysis of Zola's works steers a happy course between the Zola fans and those who regard the Rougon-Macquart series as a somewhat dreary, dated, sexy French "Forsyte Saga." Mr. Wilson shows a genuine sympathy for and appreciation of his subject.

A curious, attractive and moving book is "Visions and Jewels," by Moshe Oved (Faber; 21s.). This book was apparently first written in Yiddish, and the publisher's claim that it is "a transcription of the Jewish soul" seems a just one. I enjoyed it greatly.

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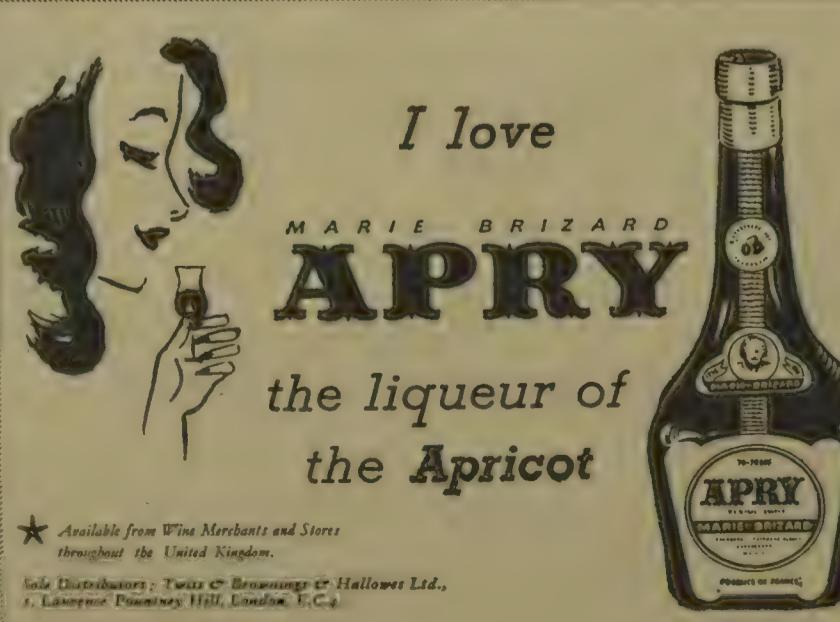
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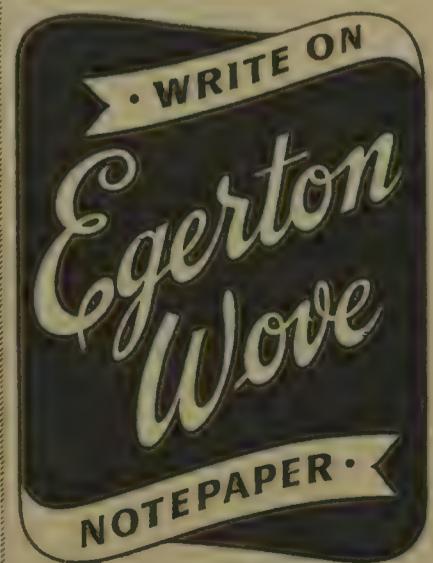
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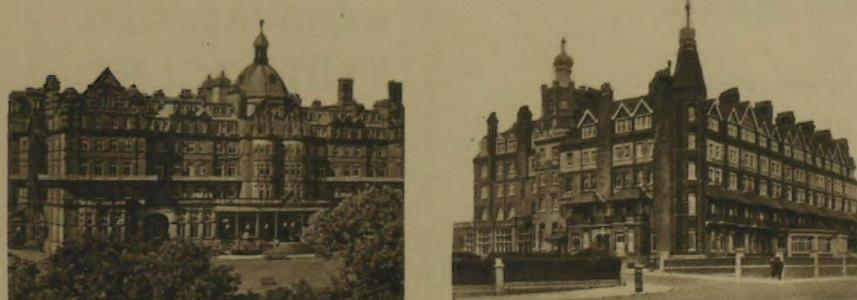
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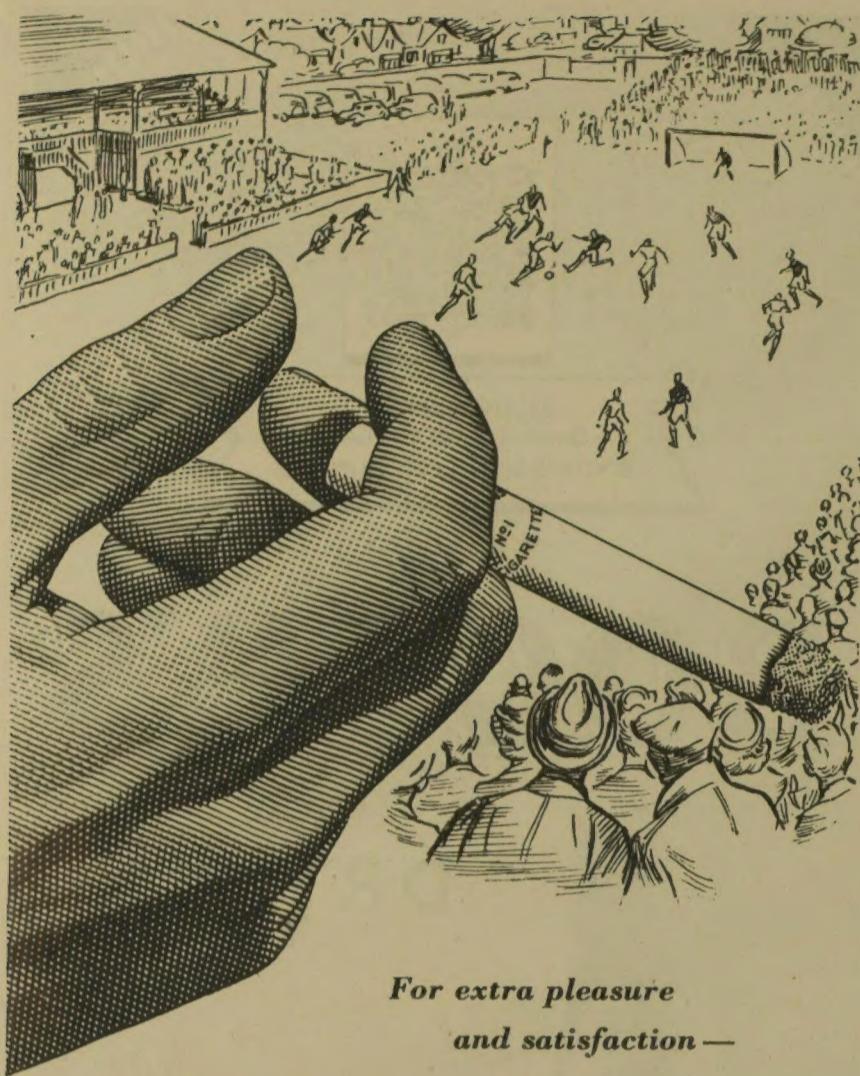
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HIS EXCELLENCY

BOTTLES ARE ENVOYS: they carry credentials. Many of them have foreign addresses, and seem always to wear decorations; stars, medallions, ribbons, seals. They are dressed for the ball, the reception, the banquet. They are specious and polished, jewelled with foils.

But in any important assembly of bottles there will be one which achieves distinction by quite other means. Quietly, reservedly dressed in a label which may not captivate, but which at once

commands respect. This is an elder statesman, perhaps. If there were a Scots Ambassador, such would be his manner.

Here is a presence internationally known and honoured. This is White Horse whisky — mellow with years and tradition; with a gentleness of approach and touch, but a heart of unquenchable warmth. Were a representative chosen for the proud, kindly spirit of Scotland, there could be no better appointment than His Excellency White Horse.

WHITE HORSE
Scotch Whisky

